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E. Griffiths



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[ONE PENNY.]

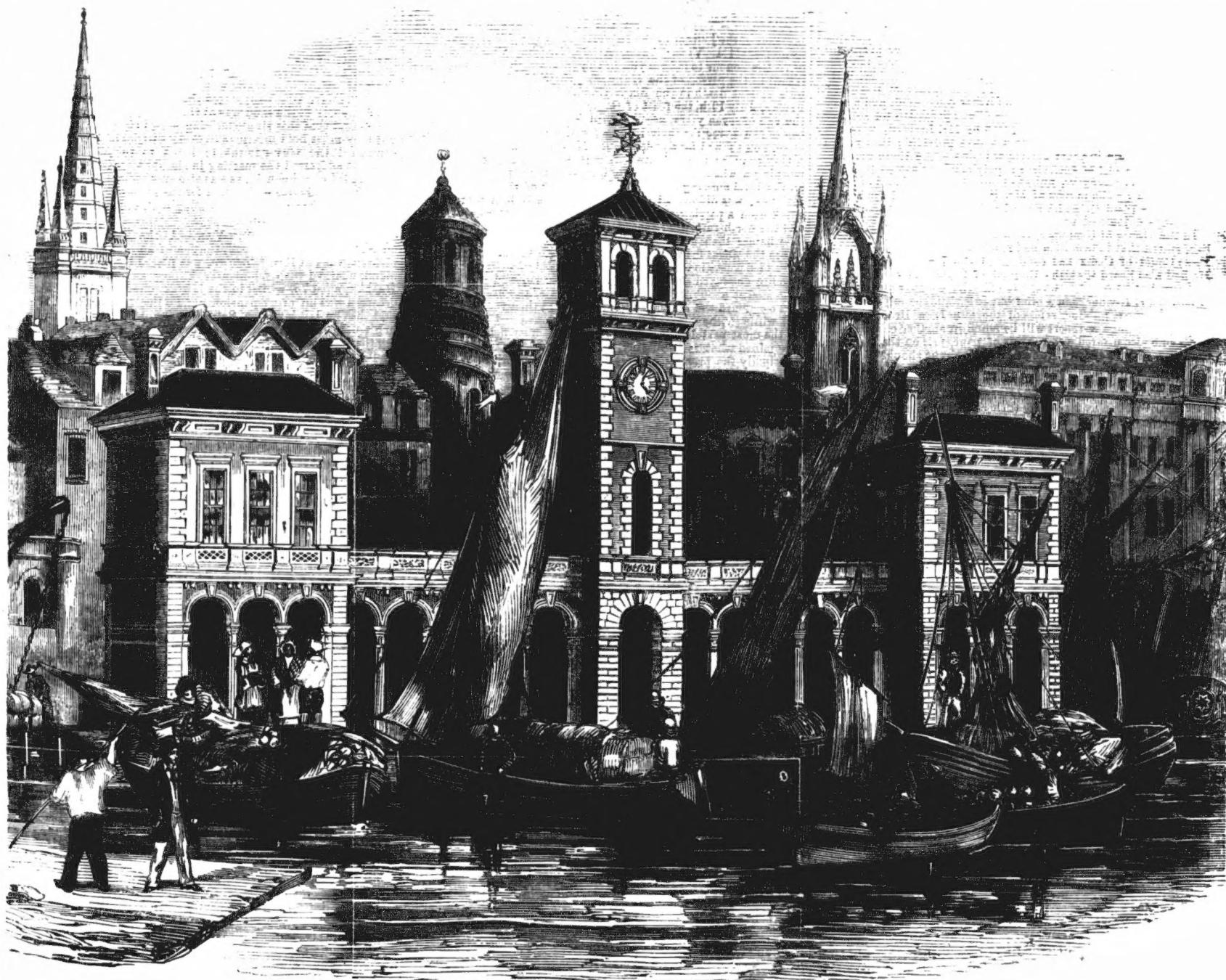
HUMANITARIAN WAR.

AMONG the interesting objects shown last year at the Paris *Exposition* was a rifle ball, of very curious construction. In the course of experiments made in the French capital during the summer, bullet of this kind was fired into the middle of an oak plank eight inches in thickness, where it burst, separating into five fragments, and tearing the plank to pieces. A practical question has since been raised, whether the inventor of such a projectile as this deserves thanks, or whether the use of his bullet ought to be renounced by all civilised nations? Now, although this is essentially a question of humanity, it is not one that stands or falls with the larger question debated between members of the Peace Society and the outer world. The laws of war are humane, inasmuch as they tend to mitigate its horrors, and most persons, we believe, would be quite ready to leave a question of this kind to such men as Lord Napier of Magdala, General La Marmora, or the Archduke Albert. And, in fact, the question has been decided on the broad ground of human experience; the leading Governments of Europe have resolved, not, we may be sure, without consulting their chief military advisers, that

these explosive balls shall not be used in any wars in which they may be called to engage. It will be understood, however, that in so doing they do not forego any real advantage or renounce any efficient implement of war. Any one of these Governments might welcome to-morrow, and with perfect consistency, any invention that promised to enable it to dispose of its enemies by a more rapid process than it is at present acquainted with. This must always be the aim of every belligerent Power, and if we heard that any Government had promised its neighbours to use an inferior weapon for the future while the best was within its reach, as soon as war broke out we should expect to hear that it had found circumstances too strong for it, and had forfeited its pledge. These explosive bullets have been condemned by the practical soldiers of Europe, because to use them would be a wanton aggravation of the horrors of war. If a bullet brings down a combatant and disables him, it does its work; but one of these explosive balls would so rend and tear a limb, that if it did not cause the wounded soldier to bleed to death, it would certainly cause an immense amount of unnecessary pain, and a degree of constitutional disturbance that would in nearly every case be fatal. The Russian Government, which was

the first to move in this matter, deserves credit for humanity; and that it did not exert itself too soon is shown by the fact that one of the Governments of Europe not long since paid a large reward for the invention of a missile of this class. The Russian Government, however, was not the first to denounce the introduction of these projectiles into civilised warfare. In the official report of Messrs. Charles Norton and J. Valentine, United States Commissioners to the Paris *Exposition*, the true character of these contrivances was distinctly pointed out, and their use was condemned in language which, although strong, will not, we believe, be thought too strong by those who have considered the subject:—

“Any torpedo that would sink a ship of war, or even a fleet of ships, by a single explosion, or any projectile that would sweep away whole battalions at once, would be hailed as a welcome means of shortening the horrors of war; but no such feelings are awakened by contemplating explosive bullets for small arms. Explosive bullets, such as those referred to, will never tend to shorten wars. Such missiles must ever be classed with poisonous arrows, or any other hellish contrivance that will enable men to kill rather than cure the wounded.



BILLINGSGATE MARKET—OPENING OF THE OYSTER SEASON.

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

PRINCE NAPOLEON has returned to Paris from his visit to the East.

ADVICES received by the Transatlantic Mail steamer Louisiana state that a revolution had broken out at Venezuela.

The Belgian Government has resolved to establish a civic guard on the model of the French National Guard Mobile.

The King of Sweden arrived this week at the Danish Summer Palace at Bernstoff, where his Majesty was cordially received by the King of Denmark.

The bill for taxing United States Bonds has been re-introduced in Congress, and referred to the committee of the whole house. This is considered equivalent to its complete rejection.

All soldiers, natives of Schleswig-Holstein, who entered the Prussian army on the 1st of April, 1867, for the prescribed term of three years, will be sent home after having served half their term, thereafter forming part of the army reserve.

The Empress Eugénie has personally visited the families of the workmen killed in the fall of earth at Bouligny, and distributed to them money, linen, and clothing. Her Majesty has also gone to see the labourers who have resumed work, and encouraged them.

There is a report at Lisbon that, by order of the Governor of Sierra Leone, Her Majesty's gunboat Pandora landed a force at Colonia, on the Rio Grande, and cut down the Portuguese flag, substituting that of Great Britain. No reasons are given for this proceeding or any particulars connected with it.

The *Evenement* positively contradicts the rumour that the Emperor would be in Paris for his fete on August 15, and repeats what was said some time ago, that he would pass that day at the Châlons camp, it considers it, however, uncertain whether the Empress and Prince Imperial will join him there.

On Wednesday an accident, attended with great loss of life, occurred in the wool-carding establishment of Messrs. Holden and Co., at Rheims, known in the town as the "English house." From some unexplained cause the principal boiler burst, a great part of the roof came down, and nine workmen were buried in the rubbish. Five of them were got out dead, and the other four were injured, one very seriously.

A NEW YORK correspondent says that, true to his taciturn habit, General Grant has steadily refused to make any speeches, or to allow any demonstrations in his honour. This is so contrary to the custom of candidates for the Presidency, that people were puzzled by it, and his supporters grew nervous about carrying him until the democratic nomination was made. His return now is considered certain.

The Madrid correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge* says it is certain that the Spanish Government has received a telegram from its minister in London, announcing the departure from that city of General Prim. It was believed that he and his military friends had fixed upon Lisbon as their place of meeting, and much alarm was felt by the Spanish ministers, as it was known that two members of the new Portuguese cabinet are intimate friends of the general, and favourable to a revolution in Spain. The Spanish Government was making every effort to remove from the army all officers who were in any way suspected of disloyalty, but owing to the discontent among military men, as among all classes, the task was no light one.

The proceedings in the Italian Parliament on the 21st inst., have excited an unusual amount of attention. The despatch of the Prussian Government, dated June 17, 1863, read by General La Marmora to the house, has now been published. It sketches out a complete plan of campaign, the principal feature of which was that Italy was not to content herself with penetrating to the northern frontiers of Venetia, but was to clear a path for herself to the Danube, in order that she might meet Prussia in the very heart of Austria. General La Marmora, to whom this despatch was addressed, took such umbrage at its terms that he did not reply to it or communicate it to his colleagues. He moreover regarded the plan proposed as utterly impracticable. The Italian papers generally blame La Marmora for giving publicity to the despatch.

CATTLE PLAGUE REGULATIONS.—A supplement to the *London Gazette*, published on Saturday, contains orders in council, directing that Article 26 of the Consolidated Cattle Plague Order of August, 1867, shall, with respect to the metropolis, have effect as if the words "ten days" were therein substituted for "six days," and that the schedule to the Metropolitan Cattle Plague Order of 1867 shall have effect as if "eleven days" were therein substituted for "seven days." Also that the word "animal" means exclusively an animal comprised in the definition of "cattle," and that the word "calf" means exclusively a calf not more than fourteen days old. Also, notwithstanding anything in the Metropolitan Cattle Plague Order of August, 1867, cattle may be moved alive out of the metropolis, subject to and in accordance with the proceedings of this order. Also that cattle the produce of Spain, Portugal, Normandy and Britanny may be landed at any port in Great Britain along the coast from the North Foreland westwards to the Land's End and then northwards to the Mull of Cantyre, at places approved by the Commissioners of her Majesty's Customs, on the conditions mentioned in the order, the owners or charterers of the importing vessels to give sureties not exceeding £1,000 for the observance of the conditions. The provisions of this order respecting cattle extend to sheep, goats, and swine brought in the same vessel with the cattle.

WIGS AND COATS.—The heat in court at Lewes assizes was productive last week of peculiar results. Baron Martin drove up to the Shire Hall without a wig, and sat all day on the bench with head uncovered. Several barristers imitated his lordship's example, but no counsel addressed the court or jury in that irregular habit. The jury were evidently infected by the contagion, for three or four of those gentlemen took off their coats, and considered their verdicts in their shirt sleeves. Mr. Serjeant Gaselee thinks that a man has right to be hanged in public. On Wednesday the Judge Ordinary intimated that the barristers in his court might dispense with their wigs, and set them the example. We do not know whether Sir J. Wilde was aware of the precedent at Lewes, but it is to be hoped that no opportunity has been allowed for the intervention of the Queen's proctor.—*Law Journal*.

THE ACTS OF THE BRITISH NAVY.—Advices from San Francisco published in the New York papers state that Admiral Hosking, the commander of the British squadron in the Pacific disapproves of the steps taken by the captain of the Chanticleer, who recently blockaded the port of Mazatlan, in Mexico, for an alleged insult to the British flag, and has ordered him to immediately re-open the port and proceed to Panama to report himself.

THE PRINCE IN IRELAND.—General Sir W. Knollys writes to Lord Claud Hamilton:—"You will remember when I had the pleasure of seeing the Mayor of Derry and the gentlemen who accompanied him at Dublin Castle in April last, how anxious I was to hold out no encouragement that the Prince of Wales would have it in his power to be present at the Agricultural Society of Ireland meeting in August next. I fear I am still less in a position to say that the obstacles in his way are diminished. On the perfect restoration of the Princess after her confinement, their royal highnesses will probably proceed to Scotland or the continent, for the still further benefit of the Princess's health. The Mayor of Derry and the corporation will, therefore, I am sure, understand how little able the Prince will be to manage a journey to Ireland in August."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

NEW QUEEN'S.—The new five-act drama by Mr. H. J. Byron, called "The Lancashire Lass," which was produced at the Queen's Theatre last Friday night, belongs to the same class of play as "The Great City" and "The Streets of London." The interest is domestic and criminal, the characters are numerous, and there is much panoramic and familiar scenery. The drama was originally written for a Liverpool audience, and produced at the Liverpool Amphitheatre last winter, and in transplanting it to London the author has only altered the last act, leaving in all the points of local interest. The story is full of incident, but the characters possess very unequal merit, the villains being very commonplace and stagey. The "Lancashire Lass," a fickle village beauty, of a type not altogether unknown in domestic drama; her lover, an ill-tempered, impulsive mechanic; and a wild, half-gipsy girl, are the best drawn in the piece, though the language sometimes put into the mouth of the two former is a little too refined for their station. The dramatic value of the piece is far greater than its literary value, the author having shown all his well-known stage tact in creating a number of parts that encourage effective acting. The first act, called a prologue, introduces us to a farmhouse in Lancashire, and to the farmer's daughter, called the "Lancashire Lass," who is half inclined to give up the sincere love of a young engineer, for the more showy attentions of a reckless adventurer. Instigated by a female companion, who is in some degree a discarded sweetheart of the young engineer, she writes a letter offering to leave her home with this adventurer, and this letter falls into the hands of her humble lover. Her father also discovers the letter, but cannot read it; and to save her from his wrath, her humble lover misreads it, and then leaves her in rage and despair. From this point the "Lancashire Lass" becomes a companion in a merchant's family, and a secondary character in the drama. The merchant is a millionaire, and a man of apparently spotless reputation, but he has had criminal antecedents, and these are known to a drunken scoundrel named Johnson, who for a consideration agrees to aid the adventurer of the prologue in his matrimonial designs upon the rich daughter of the merchant. Hovering between the "Lancashire Lass" and the merchant's daughter the adventurer loses both, and is eventually arrested as a thief, under the alias of Slippery Dick, while the young engineer, falsely accused of murdering Johnson by pushing him off the landing stage at Egremont, escapes from prison by the aid of the "Lancashire Lass" who has seen the error of her early flirtation. In the last act most of the characters turn up in Australia, including Johnson, who was saved from the water into which he had been pushed by his unscrupulous friend, the merchant. The drama has the defect of great length, but many of the scenes are well written, and the great scene of the Mersey with Liverpool in the distance and a solid moving ferry steamer is well contrived, well painted, and well worked. Similar scenes have made the fortune of inferior dramas before now. The acting throughout was excellent—rather broad in one or two instances, but always effective.

CRYSTAL PALACE OPERA CONCERTS.—The eighth and last of the regular series of these entertainments took place on Saturday—two extra concerts having been given this year in addition to the inaugural performance opening the summer season on May 2. In the course of these concerts the great artists of both opera establishments have been heard—the singers on Saturday last having been those of Her Majesty's Opera, including Mdles. Titiens and Nilsson, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signori Bettini, Foli, Gassier, Fiorini, and Zoboli. Mr. Santley was, of course, not in the list, having appeared in the evening in the fatiguing part of Rigoletto, as mentioned above. Saturday's selection consisted, as usual at these concerts, almost exclusively of favourite extracts from well-known operas. The programme commenced with the overture to Rossini's "La Gazzetta Ladra," which was brilliantly played by the band, conducted by Mr. Manns; after which came the introduction to "Norma," the bass solos for Oroveso were sung by Signor Fiorini, the choral portions by the excellent choristers of Her Majesty's Opera. In the next piece, the cavatina, "Ah for' e lai" (from "La Traviata"), Mdle. Nilsson displayed that pure and sympathetic quality of voice, and the grace and finish of style which we have so often commented on. The allegro movement, "Sempre libera," given with bounding impulse, yet with the thorough self-command of high and complete art training, produced a strong impression and a recall of the singer. Signor Gassier's capital delivery of the air "Vieni, la mia Vendetta" (from "Lucrezia Borgia"), Madame Trebelli-Bettini's suave and finished singing of the cavatina "Non pui mesta," Signor Bettini's effective performance of Don Ottavio's air "Il mio tesoro" ("Don Giovanni"), the excellent duet singing of Mdles. Titiens and Nilsson in "Sull'aria" ("Figaro"), and Signor Foli's impressive voice and style in the priestly air (with chorus) "Possente numi" ("Il Flauto Magico")—all these, and various other performances by the same artists, made up a concert of great and varied interest, worthily closing the series, although offering little occasion for special comment. The chorus, "O fosco cielo" (from "La Sonnambula"), was encored, as it had before been at these concerts, and as it always deserves to be when so capitally sung as by the choristers of Her Majesty's Opera. Mr. Manns' benefit concert is to take place to-day, when will be performed for the first time here a cantata for soprano and baritone solo, chorus, and orchestra, composed by Max Bruch, of whose violin concerto we spoke on a recent occasion. The piece now referred to, entitled "Ellen," is illustrative of some of the incidents in the siege and relief of Lucknow.

THINGS DRAMATIC IN AMERICA.

Thermometer at ninety as we sit to write! What a glorious day on which to read Dante's "Inferno;" or to contemplate any other subject connected with the fiery regions, supposed to be below. When told that a certain politician had died and his shade had descended to Tartarus, Lucifer exclaimed, "He can't come in, tell him so. I won't have him here under any circumstances."

"Satan's messenger returned after having obeyed orders and said that:—"Mr. S. had stated that he deemed himself eminently entitled to admission, having served the d—l all his life." Satan said in alarm:—"

"I'll not have here at all! Why, he would be reconstructing our place in less than a week, and bring me to trial under articles of impeachment! You will roll out a dozen barrels of brimstone and give him half a dozen boxes of matches, and let him make up a private fire of his own outside."

If this had happened in this weather, his majesty would have said, "Send him to New York, and make him go to any of the theatres nightly—he'll get all he wants there." And so he would; if you doubt it, try it. We have only done so once since our last issue, but that was enough, and we had some to spare. A not over young lady said to us, "How ridiculous it is that we have to dress as we do in this terribly hot weather, when we could dress much cooler if arbitrary fashion did not stand in the way!"

"Yes," we asked, "but how should you like to dress?"—"Why," she replied, after thinking a moment, "the White Fawn style of costume would be delightfully cool; but then it is not fashionable!"

"If it was," said we, "it would be generally adopted; either that or the primitive fig leaf; it would make but very little difference which!"—"That style would not be graceful," said she. "But," we replied, "it would be fashionable if worn, and would be generally worn if it became fashionable. When that time has arrived

we *homes* may be permitted to keep pace with the march of taste and dress in the Texican summer style."

"What style is that?" she asked.

"A riding whip, a pair of spurs, and a segar!"

"Nothing more!"

"That," she said, "would be simply going to extremities!"

We have hinted at a dearth of novelty in our theatres; let us see how they stand.

The *Frangais* is closed for repairs. Pike's and the Academy of Music are without an echo of those trills with which they were once familiar. Wallack's theatre is doing "The Lottery of Life." Steinway hall is being frescoed. The Worrell sisters theatre is giving the "Grande Duchesse." The Olympic is "Humpty Dumpty"ing. Niblo's is still "White Fawn"ing on the perspiring public. The Broadway is doing a "Flash of Lightning" and (O tempo, O mōres) is burning a steamboat nightly in sight of melting, wilting audiences. Thus we have run through the lis without finding the slightest novelty to praise or commend.

We have some foreign items which, however, are of interest enough to bear to be noted.

Our fickle little prima donna Adelina Patti is (*sure pop!*) going to be married to the Marquis de Caux, one of the Emperor Napoleon's household, on the 1st of August. "Barkis has been willing" for some time, but there were Imperial obstacles in the way, which, it is said, the Empress has removed.

Or dit that Mr. Grau's agents in France are engaging an opera company (comic) with which to open the *Frangais* in the fall, sometime in September, when the alterations and enlargements now in hand will have been completed. Mons. Carier, a fine tenor singer and an admirable actor, will be one of the leading men. Mdile. Rose Bell, a rival of Schneider, may be the prima donna, and probably will be so.

Speaking of Schneider, Howard Paul "had a good thing on" her. It appears that she had sung the "Grande Duchesse" so many times as to become weary of the role, and unless some unusual event stirred her up she would slur the music and fall short in the acting; for what need she care, her reputation was made. Well, Paul was getting up the opera in London, and desired to see her in her most captivating phase, so as to get notes of all her business; but how to get her up to concert pitch and bring out all of her piquancy and abandon was the question. At last he hit upon this scheme: He wrote her a note, in which he stated that he was an English gentleman of large fortune, and that, dazzled by the reports of her superb acting and singing, he had come to Paris for the simple and sole purpose of seeing her act, and if she should come up to his expectations, he should feel impelled, on the following day, to respectfully ask her acceptance of a bracelet worth, at least, ten thousand francs! That she would recognise him by his wearing a violet in his button hole. The curtain rose, and the "Grande Duchesse" was given with brilliancy, archness, and unusual vivacity. The people exclaimed, "She is inspired to-night!" "How beautifully she acts!" "How superbly she sings!" "What grace!" "What power!" It was noticed that whenever the business of the scenes would permit, she cast her eyes searching over the house, no doubt in search of the gentleman with the violet in his button-hole. She has not found him yet, nor has she received that bracelet; but Howard Paul has her business in its most delicious shades. We suppose that he acted upon the adage that "the bird that can sing and will not sing, ought to be made to sing." Perhaps she did not "come up to his expectations," and that was the reason that she failed to get the bracelet.—*New York Herald*.

RUBBERRIES IN SOUTHWARK.—The frequency of robberies with violence in the Southwark police district has attracted very serious attention during the past two months. These daring outrages are frequently committed by young thieves acting in gangs, and the comparative impunity with which respectable persons can be knocked down and robbed has increased the number and the boldness of the juvenile marauders. Scarcely a day passes without some new case of successful robbery being reported. A few nights ago, in one of the most crowded parts of Blackfriars-road, an elderly man, while rendering assistance to a woman who had been suddenly taken ill, was set upon, violently assaulted, and deprived of his watch. Even the police find it difficult to take prisoners to the station, and in very few cases is the stolen property recovered. A vigorous effort is required to put down this system of lawless outrage.

A STRANGE CASE.—On Saturday a Danish seaman, named Edward Sommar, was brought before the magistrate at Bow-street on a extradition warrant issued at the instance of the Danish Government. Nearly a year and a half ago the prisoner was charged with the murder of an Englishman at Shanghai and convicted, but the Danish consular court having no authority to pronounce sentence, he was sent to England after some delay in the troop ship Tamar. He denied having committed the crime imputed to him, and said that his conviction had been obtained on the evidence of Chinamen, who would swear anyone's life away. Sir Thomas Henry remanded him to prison to await the order of the Home Secretary for his surrender to the Danish Government.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT IN A COAL PIT.—A MAN BLOWN TO PIECES.—On Saturday night an inquest was held at the village of Stockingford, near Nuneaton, before the district coroner, on the body of Richard Bycott, a miner, 27 years of age. From the evidence of William Ridley it appeared that he and the deceased were employed sinking a shaft at Stockingford on the preceding Thursday evening. In the course of his work the deceased had to bore a hole for blasting, and, having done so, he inserted some powder. Finding that some water had got into the hole, deceased said it was useless for him to try to carry out his intention as the water would prevent the powder exploding. Ridley tried to persuade him to make an attempt, but deceased refused to do so, and, in a rage, seized an iron rod and commenced to "punch out" the powder. In a few minutes afterwards a loud explosion was heard, the lights were blown out, and witness fell upon the ground. He heard a groan, and on looking round saw Bycott lying in the pit. He made the signal for assistance, which speedily arrived. The unfortunate man was taken to the mouth of the pit, and medical aid was sent for. His body presented a horrifying spectacle, being frightfully mutilated. On being taken home his wounds were dressed. The poor fellow lingered in a state of insensibility until twelve o'clock on Friday night, when death put an end to his sufferings. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the facts above recorded.

THE INTERNATIONAL TELEGRAPHIC CONFERENCE.—The *Moniteur* announces that the International Telegraphic Conference, which met in Vienna on the 13th of last month, has just finished its labours. With the exception of the Pontifical States, which accepted beforehand the decisions that might be arrived at, all the powers of Europe were represented at the conference, together with the Indian and Persia. Special attention was bestowed upon the Indian service, and it was decided that on and after January 1, 1869, the price of telegrams from London to Calcutta should be reduced from 120*l.* to 71*l.*, and that various special lines should be established to ensure certain and rapid communication between Europe and India. An international telegraphic bureau is to be instituted for the general purposes of all the governments interested, and it is to be organised by the Swiss administration.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The 100th exhibition of the Royal Academy of arts was brought to a close on Saturday evening. Large numbers of persons have availed themselves of the facilities offered to them to see the pictures in the evening, at a reduced charge for admission (sixpence), and the general result is said to have been a success in a pecuniary point of view.

THE EARL OF CLARENDON ON PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

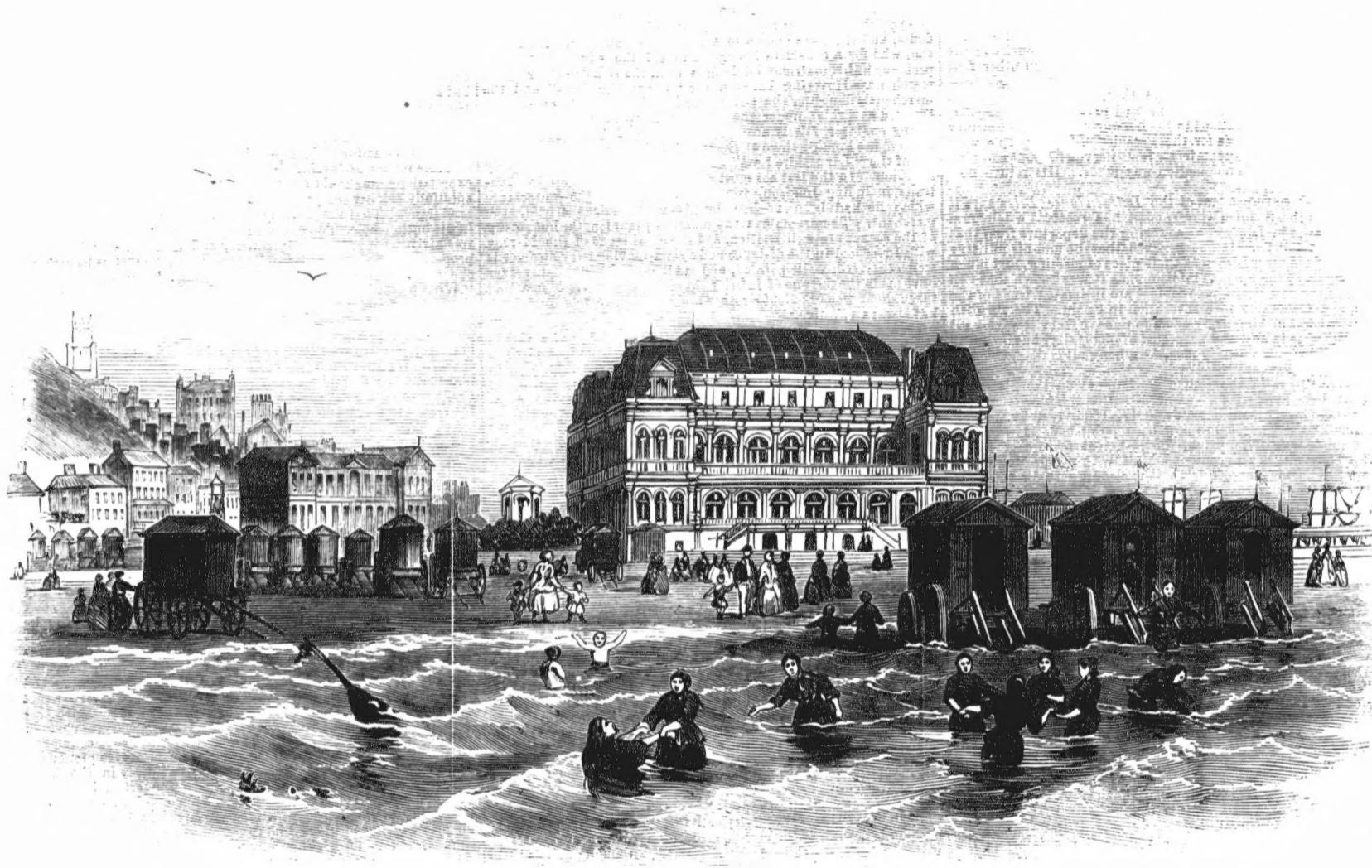
The Earl of Clarendon distributed the prizes at Leamington College on Saturday. In the course of his remarks he argued that there never was a greater necessity than at present for more knowledge and a better educational system, in order that our intellectual should not as heretofore lag behind our material progress. He dwelt on the necessity of a head master being a gentleman in mind, manners, and education; a man exercising that control over himself that guarded him from the demoralisation which the exercise of supreme power was apt to produce; a man of unruffled temper, incapable of injustice and caprice; and knowing human nature so well that he could always appeal to its higher attributes rather than to its baser qualities, drawing by ambition and hope rather than impelling by fear; ever bearing in mind that out of the raw material, a boy, he had to elaborate a good citizen and a Christian gentleman. The great questions on education were, what was the best knowledge to impart, and how should the intellect best be disciplined. He preferred that which was modern to that which was ancient, and that which was practical to that which was speculative. He did not deprecate the study of the classics or of ancient history, but he thought every Pater-familias would agree with him it was better that his son should be acquainted with the history and institutions of his own country than with those of Rome, and that instead of being so taught Latin and Greek as not to be able to construe an easy piece in either language, he should rather, by useful knowledge, be best armed for the battle of life in an age essentially practical. The present system of public school education, however excellent for the formation of character and principles, was unsuccessful in an intellectual point of view. In support of this position he read a long extract from Mr. Farrer's essays on a liberal education, and the opinions of some pupils of a model public school, one of whom

QUEEN ANNE'S BOUNTY.

The report of the Select Committee appointed to inquire into the constitution and management of Queen Anne's Bounty Board has been published. The fund administered by this board was founded in 1704, when Queen Anne gave up the first-fruits and tenths derivable from the episcopal and capitol corporations and parochial livings, part of the hereditary revenues of the crown, for the purpose of augmenting the incomes of the poorer clergy, and provision was made for the distribution of the net income of the board by way of grants of capital sums. The affairs of the board have for a long time been practically under the management of a small number of the bishops, with the occasional assistance of a few laymen. Out of the total income received from first-fruits and tenths, the gross average annual produce of the former, for three years past, has been £4,431 8s. 1d. In respect of the first-fruits and tenths of the bishoprics, a yearly sum is now paid amounting together to £2,853 15s. The gross yearly income received from tenths is £10,240 8s. 1d. The salary of the chief officer of the board, who, Cerberus-like, is secretary, treasurer, and receiver, amounts to £1,350. This gentleman has also a house rent free at the expense of the board, and is allowed to take independent professional business, which is carried on in the same house by himself and his partner, an arrangement "which the committee cannot approve." It appears, too, that the amount of "house rent and casual expenses" last year was £866 14s. 7d.; and the committee suggests that a reduction should be made in the salary and expenses of that establishment when another secretary is appointed. The salaries of the subordinate staff amount to £3,420 yearly. The committee admit that the business of the board is "carefully and well conducted;" but they express regret that the lay members do not more habitually attend. They think also that the board should be rendered more conformable to the shape in which it

SINGULAR SUICIDE IN A CARRIAGE ON THE SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

On Friday afternoon an extraordinary case of suicide occurred at the Wye station on the Ramsgate branch of the South-Eastern Railway. The fast train from London to Ramsgate, which leaves the former place at 12.45, arrives at Wye at 2.49. Just as the train was moving out of the station, Mr. Belham, one of the foremen on the permanent way, saw a gentleman sitting alone in a compartment of a first-class carriage, and a stream of blood was spouting from his head. He immediately caused the train to stop, and the carriage was detached from it. The gentleman was found to have a new Tranter breech-loading pistol tightly clenched in both hands, and it was evident that he had but a few minutes before placed the muzzle to his forehead, and shot himself. He was still alive, although bleeding tremendously from the wound. He was carried to the Victoria Inn, and in a few minutes two medical men arrived, but they could do nothing for him, and he expired about seven o'clock without having recovered consciousness. The deceased was a fine-made man, about five feet ten inches high, with a determined cast of countenance. The deceased had a number of his own photographs in his pockets, also a certificate denoting that "G. A. Appleton, Esq.," had been admitted a member of the Royal Academy. The deceased's pocket-book was filled with lead pencil sketches of figures and scenes, some of a grotesque character. On one leaf of the pocket-book was written, "G. A. Appleton, Tavistock Hotel, Covent-garden," and on another, "G. A. Appleton, born at Hornsey, London, 1836." The pocket-book contained memoranda showing that the deceased left Melbourne in the latter part of last April in the ship *Highflyer*. On a copy of *Punch* found in the railway carriage was written, "Coroner's verdict, found dead, with *Punch*." There was also some writing evidently pencilled while the train was in motion, and addressed to a gentle-



THE ETABLISSEMENT AND THE BEACH AT BOULOGNE.

stated that there he learnt nothing whatever, but a general disinclination to learn anything, and a special loathing for Latin verses. Mr. Farrer had been twelve years a master of Harrow, and speaking, not from theory, but experience, his opinion was most valuable, and was in perfect keeping with the testimony received by the royal commission. Public opinion was now beginning to bear on public schools, although feebly and slowly, considering the vast importance of the subject. Science was beginning to be attended to, and the modern languages were no longer treated with contempt. Greek and Latin verse-making must be abandoned, that is, for those who had no fitness for them. Not one-third of the boys at the public schools went to the universities, yet going to the universities was the pretext for inflicting this pernicious system on two-thirds of the boys in order to confer a doubtful advantage on the remainder. The time now devoted uselessly, heavily, and painfully to Greek and Latin composition, should be devoted to history, science, and the study of the language and literature of our own country. We had not so much to deal with the brilliant few, who were born great, and who would be great whether or not they went to school. Eton, Harrow, and Westminster were but incidents in the boy life of a Wellesley, a Canning, a Peel, a Southeby, a Byron, a Palmerston, a Russell, and others whom he might mention, and who had innate faculties which would have inevitably made them great, nature having determined them to be great at the moment of their birth. We had to do with the mediocre many—the vast majority, who were without genius, whose talent was moderate and industry small, but with whom education was the necessary of life, the only means by which they could earn not only distinction but bread.

CITY HAT COMPANY'S only retail address is Nos. 109, 110, and 3, SHOE-LANE, exactly EIGHT doors from Fleet-street. Particular attention is called to the distance of the premises from Fleet-street, the great success of the CITY HAT COMPANY having caused several imitators to open shops in the same vicinity with names very similar.—WALKER and FORTESCUE, Managers.—[ADVT.]

actually works by being reduced in number, the members having a more defined responsibility, and there being a considerable lay element in the new constitution.

GLADSTONE AND MILL.—Gladstone writing of Mill says, "Mr. Mill has attained a world-wide fame, it would be almost impertinent in me to speak the language of eulogy in reference to him. Yet I will venture on two assertions, both having exclusive reference to his parliamentary career. Firm in the maintenance of his own opinions, Mr. Mill has ever exhibited the largest indulgence for those of others; and with this liberal tolerance of differences, he has shown in the most remarkable manner how to reconcile, on the one hand, a thorough independence, and, on the other, an enlightened sense of the value and power of that kind of union which is designated by the name of political party. More than this, Mr. Mill has set us all a rare example of forgiving temper, of forgetfulness of self, of absolute devotion to public duty, and I do not hesitate to express my deliberate opinion that his presence in the House of Commons has materially helped to raise and sustain its moral tone."

BRIGHT AND MILL.—In his last speech Mr. Bright incidentally said:—Even Mr. Stuart Mill, who had long objected to the ballot, was becoming a convert, and was of opinion that it might be tried in Ireland. In these remarks he (Mr. Bright) was not giving any opinion of his own but a slight sketch or narrative of what had been occurring within the memory of those he was addressing. He proposed to draw from it a lesson which he hoped would be of use to all political parties in the country—namely, that questions must constantly arise affecting the unity and solidity of the United Kingdom, which, although first discussed with heat and party feeling, must ultimately be settled to the satisfaction of everybody upon a fair and liberal basis.

SOLDIERS' DAUGHTERS' HOME.—Lord Napier of Magdala has presided at an anniversary meeting of the Soldiers' Daughters' Home, held at the United Service Institution. His Lordship had a good word to say for the management, and for the prudence and economy displayed by the executive in the administration of the finances.

men living in Cripplegate, whom he desired to take possession of his things at the Tavistock Hotel; and he added, that he was afraid his "comforter" was somewhat too small in the bore for his purpose, and that he had better have purchased "one of the muzzle-loading fraternity," but that he had sacrificed to appearances. He was well dressed, had a gold watch and chain, and a scarf pin, a first-class ticket to Ramsgate, and 11s. 3d. in money. On Saturday evening a gentleman named James, residing in Nichol-square, Cripplegate, identified the deceased as an artist, who arrived from Australia on the previous Saturday. Mr. James stated that he knew nothing of the deceased, except through a letter of introduction which he brought from his (Mr. James's) brother, who resides in Melbourne. The last time he saw the deceased was on Thursday evening, and he was then remarkably quiet in his manner, although he could not be said to be melancholy. The jury returned a verdict of "Temporary insanity." The numerous articles found in the deceased's possession are in the charge of Superintendent Dewar, of the Kent constabulary.

LOSS OF A LIVERPOOL STEAMER WITH ALL HANDS.—There can now be no doubt that the steamship Coniston, of Liverpool, has been totally lost, and that all hands aboard of her have perished. The unfortunate vessel left that port on Sunday night last for Lancashire, having amongst her cargo a considerable quantity of naphtha, petroleum, and other combustibles. As she did not arrive at her destination as anticipated, anxious inquiries were set on foot, and it was ascertained that some petroleum casks known to have formed part of the Coniston's cargo, together with a hatch and other pieces of a vessel, had been picked up near Southport, leading to the belief that the Coniston had blown up at sea, owing to the explosion of the combustibles alluded to. The bodies of two men, much charred and blackened, have just been found in the Mersey, and removed to the dead-house, Prince's Dock, where they were identified as those of two firemen, named Pearson and Dobson, belonging to the Coniston.

WOOLWICH.—Lord Napier of Magdala dined on Saturday last with the commandant of Woolwich garrison and the officers of the Royal Artillery and other corps.

ARRIVAL OF CONSUL CAMERON.

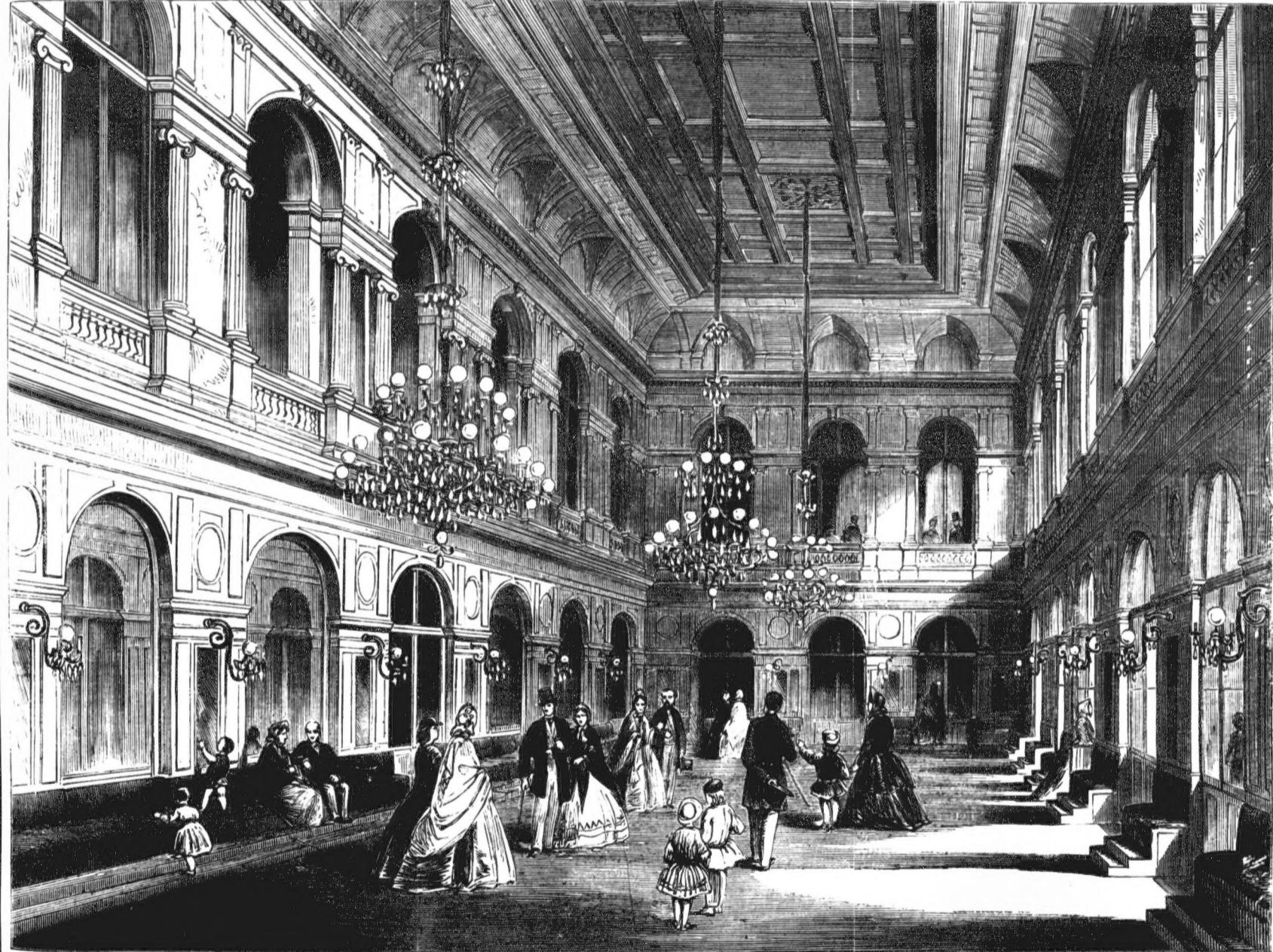
The *Liverpool Mercury*, mentioning the arrival of Consul Cameron at Liverpool on Saturday from Alexandria, and his departure for London, says:—"Consul Cameron, who is apparently about forty years of age, and wears the general aspect of a soldier who has seen much service in the tropics, is at present suffering severely from the cruel treatment to which he has been subjected. Tall in figure and strong in frame, Consul Cameron was fitted to endure almost any amount of privation and hardship; but no human being could undergo the trials which he experienced during the last six months of his imprisonment without serious physical consequences. Chained hands and feet together, he was deprived of all exercise, and for nearly six months was in a recumbent position from which he could not escape. This confinement, together with other indignities, scarcity of food and clothing, and the uncertainty as to the termination of his fate, told upon his iron frame, and reduced him to a state of weakness. The wonder is that any of the prisoners, with the knowledge which they possessed of the bloodthirsty character of King Theodore, and the almost inaccessible nature of the place of their confinement, did not die of sheer despair. It was not, however, until Consul Cameron was released that the full extent of his injuries was known. Immediately his chains were knocked off and the victorious army commenced its return home, he was compelled to ride on the back of a mule in stages of about 18 or 20 miles. The effect of this somewhat violent exercise upon his frame was too great, for a few days after leaving Magdala for the sea-board his lower limbs became paralysed, and it became necessary to convey him to Annesley Bay in a litter. The voyage from Alexandria has had a beneficial influ-

"THE LANTERNE."

M. Henri Rochefort has adopted M. Emile Ollivier's advice, and determined to try conclusions with the French government in a court of law as to his liability to print the oppressively long *communiqué* which M. Pinard has perversely served him with. This determination is not announced in the new number of the *Lanterne*, which merely says the subject is under consideration, but in a letter to the papers. The law gives a private individual the right to insist upon the insertion of a reply to any article in which his name may be mentioned of not more than double the length of the article itself. No limit is laid down as to the length of a government *communiqué*; but M. Rochefort submits that the courts must find one unless they would condemn the law itself as against reason and impossible of execution. His little red-covered weekly publication contains sixty pages. The Minister of the Interior thinks it a good joke to ask him to insert a *communiqué* which would fill forty-five of those pages. That is simply confirmation. The *communiqué* consists of a full report from the *Moniteur* of a debate in the Senate upon a petition complaining of M. Saudon's confinement in a madhouse. If M. Rochefort is bound to submit to this he sees no reason why next Saturday the minister should not send him the "Mémoires de Sainte Hélène," in six volumes, by way of *communiqué* in answer to three lines about Napoleon I. That might be followed the week after by the "History of the Consulate and the Empire," in twenty-two volumes. M. Rochefort calculates that in stamps, paper, printing, &c., it would cost him 7,000 francs to publish M. Pinard's *communiqué*. He naturally prefers running the risk of incurring the maximum fine of 1,000fr. for refusing the insertion; and it is

FIELD-DAY AT THE CAMP OF ST. MAUR.

LAST week in spite of the intense heat, Marshal Canrobert had a great field-day at the Camp of St. Maur, and the practice with the chassepot was such as to astonish even well-skilled officers. "Gare à qui me touche!" will in future be the device of French troops in position, and armed with this deadly weapon. No cavalry can advance in the teeth of this firing; and when the line formation is, as it must be very soon, substituted for fighting in column, it would seem as infantry, too, must halt at the longest range from which their arm can be destructive; and so the *Comte* of War will range himself on the sides of the longest-ranging battalions. We shall see more of this at Châlons, to which place General Lebœuf, A.D.C. to the Emperor, who has examined at Vincennes more breech-loaders and general improvements in small-arms than any living officer, has just gone down to take the command, and so is sure to test all that they have got before the Emperor, who has also studied the question as deeply as any of his subjects, and who one day said, "Oh! breech-loaders: yes, I have seen them all, I really believe. Here are the two latest." pointing to the corners of his cabinet: "and I'll go and bring you the last two out of the next room." It is a consolation to the timid, with which we may couple the sellers for the *baisse*, to know that, in the opinion of all the best judges here, this finished armament is held to be a fine guarantee of peace. This theory was advanced last night, and illustrated by an example drawn, as all such illustrations should be, from every-day life. Years ago there was a club in Paris where there was very high play and not seldom a duel. "How is it?" was asked, "that De C. and De G. never get into rows?" "I will tell you," said an old member: they come in



THE BOULOGNE ETABLISSEMENT.

ence, and Consul Cameron is now enabled, by the aid of a stick, to walk short distances, and hopes, with the medical treatment which he shall now be able to procure, soon to enjoy a perfect restoration to health. The only attendant on Consul Cameron is a shrewd, intelligent Abyssinian youth about seventeen years of age, who has left his native home to follow the fortunes of his master in the capacity of man-servant or valet."

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE CONTINENT.—A programme has been published of the Queen's approaching visit to France, according to which Her Majesty will arrive in Cherbourg on the evening of the 5th August, set out for Paris immediately and arrive there at six o'clock in the morning. The rest of the day will be spent with the Empress Eugenie, at the Tuilleries. At half-past seven in the evening the Queen will leave by special train for Geneva. During the whole of the visit Her Majesty will maintain the strictest incognito; no preparations are to be made for her at any of the railway stations, and no deputations will be received.

STRANGE NEWS FROM PARIS.—The Paris *Liberté* of Sunday publishes in conspicuous type, and under the heading "Latest Intelligence," this statement:—"Our London correspondent makes us acquainted with the following fact, which appears to us worthy of attention:—Dr. Pusey, head of the Anglican Church party which bears his name, has just abjured the Anglican faith and been converted to Roman Catholicism. This example has been immediately followed by Dr. Hamilton, Bishop of Salisbury, who has also gone over to Catholicism, giving up an income of £5,000 a year." The *Steele*, which reproduces the news, expresses the opinion that there is no probability of the latter example being imitated.

the minister's fault that, by a *reductio ad absurdum*, it is shown to be seven times more profitable to set at defiance an imperial law than to obey it.

MOSQUITOES IN LONDON.—Several medical students, walking in the grounds of St. Thomas's Hospital, this week, noticed some winged insects flying about of a different description to any previously observed in those gardens. One or two of the party felt some smart stings or bites, which a gentleman who had been in the West Indies, thought proceeded from mosquitoes. In this he was confirmed, by allowing one to settle upon his arm, and capturing it, but he was unable to preserve it alive. Some of his companions caught several others in a similar way, and it was eventually ascertained that large swarms of mosquitoes exist in the gardens, which from being small in size are supposed to have been but recently generated.

TRANSMISSION OF MONEY.—An attempt, it seems, to be made to establish a medium through which small sums of money may be securely transmitted from one part of the United Kingdom to another. Complaints have long been heard of the high charge made by the Post-office for money orders, which far exceeds a fair business rate. A company is formed to send sums under £10 to any part of Great Britain and Ireland at the rate of 1d. for £1, 2d. for £3, 3d. for £4, 4d. for £6, and 6d. for £10. Of the Company we know no more than any of our readers, who will see at a glance that some of the best men of business in the country are connected with it. The object, however, all can appreciate, and if the Company can really establish the means of communication which it proposes, and remove a heavy tax from the remittance which an absent workman sends to his family, or a poor servant to her mother, they will deserve credit for their enterprise.

here with the reputation of dead shots, and they have always, in any dispute, kept the choice of weapons in their own hands."

THE CONSPIRACY IN SPAIN.—The object of the conspiracy discovered recently on board the Spanish frigate Villa de Madrid was to embark the exiled Progressives at the Azores, and the generals of the Union Liberal at the Canary Islands, with the view of conveying them to some point on the Spanish coast, there to effect a landing. The energy of the commandant of the frigate frustrated the movement. Admiral Mendez Nunez has tendered his resignation, which has been accepted. All the superior officers of the squadron commanded by him followed his example, and sent in their resignation, when they learnt that Senor Belda had reassumed the portfolio of Minister of Marine. Flying columns are scouring Catalonia to prevent a rising in the country districts.

AMERICAN NEWS.—Our New York correspondent sends us a special despatch by Atlantic cable announcing that Congress has ratified the purchase of Alaska, and that it is to adjourn until September 21. The House mistrusts the President, and fears disturbances at the South during the November elections. President Johnson has ordered the troops to be withdrawn from the restored States.

"LUXURIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL HAIR."—Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer or Dressing never fails to quickly restore grey or faded hair to its youthful colour and beauty. It stops the hair from falling off. It prevents baldness. It promotes luxuriant growth; it causes the hair to grow thick and strong. It removes all dandruff. It contains neither oil nor dye. In large bottles, price six shillings. Sold by chemists and perfumers.—Depot, 266, High Holborn, London. tr*21jyoc17.—[ADVT.]

THEATRES.

HAYMARKET.—Shakespeare's Othello and King John.
PRINCE'S.—Mr. Dominic Murray and Mr. Allerton in Shakespeare, Seven.
ADELPHI.—Flying Scud. Mr. B. More. Seven.
STRAND.—Sisterly Service—The Field of the Cloth of Gold—
Marriges at Any Price. Half-past Seven.
NEW QUEB'S.—The Luncashire Lass.—Fowl Play; or, Chickin Hazard. Seven.
HOLBORN.—Foul Play. Half-past Seven.
ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, HOLBORN.—Equestrianism, &c. Eight.
BRITANNIA.—Lady Anne's Well.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.
EGYPTIAN HALL.—Macabre's Entertainment, "Begone, Dull Care." Eight.
ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy's Minstrels. Eight.
POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.
MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—Open from Eleven till dusk, and from Seven till Ten.
ROYAL ALHAMBRA.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Eight.
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Open daily.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds; Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, St. Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.

The Illustrated Weekly News.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1868.

TRADE UNIONS.

THERE can be very little question that trade unions form the most important question of the day, far more grave than any reform inquiry, far more momentous than even the national health, for upon this inquiry turns the future well-being of England as a commercial nation.

Trade unions viewed by first principles are perfectly legitimate. A man has a right to sell his labour at the price he thinks fit to put upon it; and, therefore, any number of men have assuredly a right to combine to put upon their united labour a value which accords with their belief, their necessities, or even their will.

But when trade unionists have gone thus far they have unquestionably reached the end of their legal tether. They may put what price they like upon their work; it is impossible that for generations they can compel employers to buy at their rates, and to buy only of them.

Trade unions are the result of a partially emancipated labour, but it appears to us that as they are at present constituted they are the great enemies to the maintenance of an equitable continuation of labour. Reduced to their simplest forms, trade unions are found to be impossible as permanencies. And this assertion can readily be understood by reducing the question of unionists and non-unionists to the parallel of a couple of bakers' shops—the bread purchasers, or public, being the veritable employers. The unionist baker asks tuppence for a loaf, the non-unionist eight-pence. Each man has a right to place the price he likes upon his goods; but what will the staunchest unionist say of the first baker if he tries to shoot the second because he chooses to take a lower profit? To continue the parallel—the police would interfere, exactly as the Government interfere between unionists and non-unionists when a breach of the peace is committed. Now let us suppose that the non-unionist baker takes the precaution of building a high wall about his premises, to which only his customers are admitted by a pass-word. What then is the position of the unionist baker? He cannot sell his bread, and he cannot injure his rival, for it is the interest of all the customers of the latter to keep him in safety.

Now this is exactly what is occurring in many closely guarded trades in England—the non-unionist baker being represented by foreign trade, the wall representing the sea and distance between the English unionist and the foreign free-trader. A unionist executioner may blow up a knobstick in Sheffield, he cannot touch him in Brussels.

Through the last ten years political economists of a far-seeing cast of mind have anticipated what is now coming to pass, the filtration of trade into foreign channels. This operation has been inevitable, and yet serious as it is found to be, it is only at its commencement. The fearful rush has not yet come. Every day, every hour, the foreign artisan (in metals especially) is catching up to the English, and in some directions every

day he is passing him. The contemplation of the French machinery at the Paris Exhibition of last year made many an English engineer turn pale. The firm of Schneider and Co. (Creuzot) proved itself fairly the equal of Penn and Co., and this success has been accomplished by the work of very few years. What will the next few years bring forth?

It will be in vain at an early future to appeal to patriotic feeling. Patriotism, so far as applied to commerce, has been very properly annihilated by the various international treaties which have swept over the face of commercial Europe during the last eight or nine years. Commerce has no compassion. Rightly or wrongly, commerce adheres inflexibly to the law of buying at the cheapest rate and selling at the best. A man who has quite enough to do with his money will not buy a kettle for eighteenpence simply because it was made in England when he can get for a shilling quite as good a material which comes from a Belgian house. A woman will not give sixpence a yard for a common ribbon because it is from Coventry while she can obtain a prettier foreign sash at the same price. To expect such concessions is simply to ask more than human nature has ever yet accorded.

In fact, trade unionism is the conservatism of commerce, and the time of conservancy in labour, as in politics, is passing away. But, on the other hand, because trades unions are self-annihilative it does not therefore follow that labour should sink into abject concession. The spirit of the Englishman would never admit this result. But, at the same time, the whole question is one of menace, and therefore if an amelioration in the relations between employers and employed be not shortly sought for and acted upon, such a condition of trade depression will overtake us as will not have been equalled since a date prior to Waterloo.

A Colonel Maude, a man of much good-hearted purpose, and honorary secretary to the Free Labour Registration Society, London, has within the last fortnight thrown himself very eagerly into the whole question, and he has, in his official capacity, issued a sort of prospectus, in which he expresses a hope that the press will generally aid the cause of the association of which evidently he is the leading member. Here is a copy of the propositions advanced in the communication received by us:—

FREE LABOUR v. TRADES' UNIONS.

"Trades' Unions are neither more nor less than bodies of men associated together to forward their own interests against the general good of society, and tend to create dearness instead of cheapness. There can be no doubt but that the cheaper everything is, the greater number of people are able to become possessed of what they require, the dearer everything is, the fewer people are able to obtain what they want.

"Trades' Unionists consider that it is right for men of all trades to combine—let them ask themselves the question what the result would be if the farmers throughout the country entered into a powerful combination and (being supported by the importers of corn) doubled the present price of bread.

"It is said on all sides that joiners, masons, bricksetters, plasterers, painters, &c., &c., perform only half or two-thirds the work for a day's wages that they formerly did, although their remuneration is now 25 to 30 per cent. higher than previous to the alteration in the corn laws.

"Why is there not to be free trade in English labour as well as in corn, cattle, coffee, tea, sugar, rice, &c., &c.?

"Were these necessities of life produced under the rules of Trades' Unions, the cost would be so exorbitant that nine-tenths of the world would die of starvation.

"It is a matter of little consequence to the public whether the sawgrinders of Sheffield get £5 or £4. for a day's wages; but the present cost of building enhances the rent of every description of building, and thus affects all classes of society.

"There are thousands of boys anxious to become joiners, masons, bricksetters, plasterers, painters, &c.; but the rules of the Unions prevent them entering these several callings, the poor rates are thus immensely increased, and many of the working classes driven (of necessity) to obtain a living by dishonest means.

"It is an act of great tyranny to prevent the labouring population bringing up their children to the trade they like best. With a free exchange of labour there would be abundance of employment for every class of workpeople."

There is much to praise, much to condemn in these arguments. The writer, or writers, have not grasped all the many difficulties of the question. But the main argument is right—that argument which maintains free-trade is the great material salvation of the people. But, on the other hand, we hold that labour must be protected. Trades unions impede commerce only too frequently. On the other hand, trade unionists cannot be expected to give up all power. It is not in human nature to yield without a bargain, except under severe pressure, which so far does not exist, and the existence of which may probably be avoided by the introduction of a policy which may be called the coalition of employers and employed. We submit that while it is inevitable that trades unions, by the operation of international free-trade, must be annihilated, at the same time it is perfectly feasible on the part of employers to prevent a set towards foreign workmanship, which it would be difficult to divert homewards again, by the destruction of the distinction of master and man through the medium of a system of percentage profits. By all means let the head of a firm have the right to employ labour without the imposition of trade conditions. But if at the same time while paying wages upon his own scale, he agrees to divide profits with the employed, making them in fact working partners, a compensation is established. If the profits are great the low wages are balanced: if the profits are small the low rate of wages is justified. Doubtless there are practical difficulties and many necessary prejudices in the way of establishing such a system of commerce, but we hope to show in a following article that they are not insurmountable. Assuredly the destruction of party feeling between employers and employed by their amalgamation is a proposition worthy of more than passing consideration.

Through the last ten years political economists of a far-seeing cast of mind have anticipated what is now coming to pass, the filtration of trade into foreign channels. This operation has been inevitable, and yet serious as it is found to be, it is only at its commencement. The fearful rush has not yet come. Every day, every hour, the foreign artisan (in metals especially) is catching up to the English, and in some directions every

EXPLOSION OF A TORPEDO AT PORTSMOUTH.

A NAVAL OFFICER AND HIS ASSISTANT KILLED.

An accident of an extraordinary character, and which has resulted in a lamentable loss of life, occurred at Portsmouth on Friday afternoon. It appears that Lieut. the Hon. Herbert George Philip Meade, R.N., the fourth son of the Earl of Clarendon, G.C.H., possessing inventive talent of a high order, had for some time past devoted his attention to the production of a gun of peculiar construction, for which a patent was about to be obtained, and also of a particular description of torpedo. About six weeks since Lieut. Meade engaged two rooms in a private house in Union-street, Portsea, where, assisted by Sergeant Dare of the Royal Marine Artillery, and William White, a fitter in the dockyard, he was engaged in the manufacture of the destructive missiles. All went well until Friday afternoon, when, at about four minutes to five o'clock, an explosion like the roar of artillery, and which shook the houses in the immediate vicinity, indicated that an accident had happened. Lieutenant Meade and White were on the ground-floor, Dare being in the room immediately overhead. On hearing the explosion Dare ran down stairs, and found Lieutenant Meade lying in one corner of the room, near the window, weltering in blood, and White a short distance from him also bleeding profusely. The effect of the explosion was observable in all directions. Every pane of glass in the window had been blown out, and the contents of the room were in a state of great confusion. Assistance having been obtained, Lieutenant Meade and White were removed into another room, and Dr. Arthur Garrington, Dr. Rowe, and several other medical gentlemen were speedily in attendance. Lieutenant Meade's injuries were of such a serious character as to preclude the slightest chance of his recovery. He had a very extensive laceration of the abdomen, the intestines protruding, and a compound fracture of the left fore-arm, with extensive laceration of the muscles of the right arm. The unfortunate officer received every attention from the medical gentlemen, and a number of brother officers, but he gradually sank, and expired three-quarters of an hour later, just previously to the arrival of his elder brother, Captain Lord Gilford, R.N., and other relatives. White was taken to the hospital at Landport, and it was found that he had sustained a compound comminuted fracture of the right arm, and amputation at the shoulder joint was considered necessary. The operation was very successfully performed by Dr. Simpson, assisted by other members of the medical staff; but the shock to the system was so severe that the poor fellow expired at noon on Saturday. It appears that on Friday afternoon Dare was employed in filling the torpedoes up-stairs, and he then took them down to the deceased, White putting on an iron cap, and Lieut. Meade then sealing the torpedo with gutta percha. Six of these missiles were to be completed for the purpose of being tried on board her Majesty's ship Excellent, in Portsmouth harbour, on the following day. Five had been finished and White had affixed the cap to the sixth and handed it to Lieut. Meade, who melted some gutta percha by means of a candle and applied it to the end of the projectile. White stated that he had turned his head for a second when he was alarmed by the explosion. The iron tube was shattered, and some of the pieces struck both Lieut. Meade and White. It would seem that after the iron cap had been fitted the missile was not air-tight, in consequence of which the heated gutta percha, came in contact with the explosive substance with which the projectile was filled.

An inquest on the body of Lieut. Meade was opened on Saturday at Portsea, when Lord Gilford identified the body as that of his brother, who, he stated, was born in February, 1841. He knew that the deceased was experimenting with a gun, but not with torpedoes.

Lieut. Philip Parker, R.N., deposed to having received a message from the deceased after the accident, in consequence of which he proceeded to the house in Union-street and saw the deceased, who said to him, "While I am sensible I wish it to be publicly known that it was nothing connected with my gun that caused this business; it was nothing but the heat from the melted gutta percha that exploded some of Schultz's wild powder." He was very anxious that his gun should not be blamed for the accident, as he was very much wrapped up in it. The deceased said that White was to be provided for out of his (Lieut. Meade's) private means. He was very anxious about this and as to the nature of White's injuries. The inquiry was adjourned.

By this sad event the families of the Marquis and Marchioness of Ailesbury, Lady Herbert, of Ley, &c., will be placed in mourning. When her Majesty received intelligence of the accident she forwarded a telegram to the Port Admiral inquiring as to the condition of the sufferers. Lieutenant Meade, who attained that rank in February, 1867, was an officer of great promise, and his untimely end has created a profound feeling of regret among his brother officers. White, who was 37 years of age, was a very respectable and industrious man. He has left a widow and two children, for whom, we hear, ample provision will be made by the relatives of Lieut. Meade.

The adjourned inquest was held on Monday morning, George Wilkins, confectioner, of 142, Queen-street, Portsea, deposed: I am a brother-in-law to the deceased. About 5 o'clock on Friday evening I went to the house, No. 36, Union-street. When I arrived there I found the deceased lying on a sofa up-stairs, immediately over the room in which the occurrence took place. There were some medical men in the room. I said to him, "Are you seriously hurt?" and he said "Very." Some more doctors came into the room and examined his arm, and then I could see that he was seriously hurt. Shortly afterwards I was left alone with him while Dr. Rowe consulted with the other medical men, who were outside. I said, "Tell me, William, how did this accident arise?" He said, "I had just finished putting the cap on a cast-iron tube, and handed it to him." I understood he meant the Hon. Mr. Meade, although he mentioned no name. The deceased continued, "He requested me to light a candle, which I did. I saw him begin to melt the gutta percha to seal the cap with, and I turned my head for an instant to look out of window. My impression is that the gutta percha was applied when alight, and that he did not take the precaution to blow it out." I put no further question to him. William Dart, a sergeant in the Royal Marine Artillery, who was working with the deceased and the Hon. Mr. Meade in the preparation of the torpedoes, was also examined, and described the nature of their occupation on the day in question to the time of filling canisters or tubes with an explosive compound. Lieutenant Meade told him to tell his friends that it was not his gun which was the cause of the accident, but the overheating of the composition used in sealing the shells. Several other witnesses gave evidence, and a verdict of "Accidental death" was returned. The inquiry into the death of Lieutenant the Hon. Herbert George Philip Meade was also resumed, when the evidence taken was precisely similar to that at the other inquiry, and a similar verdict was returned.

THE NATIONAL ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION.—The camp will be opened on Monday, August 3, at Shoeburyness, and the competitions will take place on Tuesday, August 4, Wednesday, August 5, and Thursday, August 6. On the latter day Her Majesty's prize will be shot for with Armstrong guns.

THE PEERS.—Something must be done with the peers. They require looking after. They are showing signs of discontent with the condition of life in which Providence has placed them, and aspire to be commoners; or rather they desire to unite the franchises of commoners with the privileges of peers.—*Daily News*.

LORD BROUHAM.

On Monday, in the House of Commons, Mr. Roebuck asked the First Lord of the Treasury whether, in consideration of the great public services of Lord Brougham, it was the intention of the Government to propose the erection of a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey. He (Mr. Roebuck) had waited long—he could not say he had waited patiently—for some one more able than himself to do justice to the question; but as no one had come forward, and as the end of the session was approaching, he felt himself obliged to place the matter before the right hon. gentleman. Lord Brougham was not only a philosopher but a teacher. His powers of teaching were, in fact, unexcelled by any man of our time. But he was more than that—he was an orator; and as such it had been his fate to guide and instruct, and he was afraid he must add, very often to frighten one of the first legislative bodies that now existed on the face of the earth. But Lord Brougham always exercised his great powers for the good of mankind. It was not merely a personal object that he had in view, though doubtless he had personal objects; but he always laboured for what seemed beneficial to the human race. When he began his career it was not so easy a task to be a "friend of the people" as it was now. Now it was the way to fame, and wealth, and popularity; then he who would be a friend of the people had before him a thorny path, and he had to fight with foes of vast power and influence. Lord Brougham had, in fact, run no small risk—of course, not bodily, but still a personal risk—in undertaking the course which he so gallantly pursued. No matter in what clime oppression appeared, he could forget what Lord Brougham had done for the African slave? Not alone, indeed, but in conjunction with others, he had struck off the chains of the African slave. Of ignorance in every part of the world, and especially in his own country, he was the unceasing opponent. There was no man who undertook so completely as he did to instruct the people; and he stood alone—he towered above the statesmen of his time—in his appreciation of the dangers to be apprehended from popular ignorance. He was the friend of civil and religious liberty in every shape. Every person that felt himself aggrieved knew that he had in Lord Brougham—in Mr. Brougham—in Henry Brougham, a ready sympathiser. In a word, he was a wise, great, and good man. He was one of England's greatest sons, and it was the duty of our country to do him honour by erecting some tribute to his memory. (Cheers.)

Sir G. Bowyer, as having himself enjoyed the friendship of Lord Brougham, said he had read with a feeling of humiliation the accounts which had been published of the noble lord's funeral. Many an inferior man had been honoured with a tomb in Westminster Abbey. He knew it was a delicate matter to interfere with the wishes of the dead, and it was said that Lord Brougham had expressed his desires on the subject of his interment. This was an occasion of all others in which the private wishes of a distinguished man ought not to stand in the way of the desire of the country to honour his memory.

Mr. Osborne said that probably no man could more properly represent the feelings of the late Lord Brougham than the member for Sheffield; but if that noble lord were alive he would hardly agree with the proposal of the seconder of the motion. Quite coinciding with the sentiment of those who wished that a national tribute of respect should be paid to the memory of Lord Brougham, he hoped that it would be borne in mind that the country did not fail to recognise his great merits while living, for in only one other case—that of Lord Nelson—had the patent of his peerage been made out at the public cost, and the peerage itself stated to be given for public services.

Mr. Buxton expressed his cordial concurrence in the proposition of the member for Sheffield regarding the late Lord Brougham, as he did not only as a man of enormous intellectual power, but as a statesman who had ever set himself against oppression of all kinds, a colleague and assistant of Wilberforce, and one who to the latest day of his life employed his great powers for the abolition of slavery throughout the whole world.

Mr. Disraeli said, I quite agree with the member for Sheffield that there ought to be some public recognition of the career and character of Lord Brougham, such as is indicated in the question, of a nature to create a lasting impression on the public mind, so as to bring constantly to the recollection of the British public the deeds of one who was undoubtedly one of the most considerable persons which this country has ever produced. Furthermore, Mr. Disraeli said, I mentioned the subject to my colleagues, and there was an unanimous feeling on their part that something to perpetuate the memory of so distinguished a man in a satisfactory way should be accomplished at the public expense. I wish also to remind the house that another great man has this year passed from among us, whose merits ought to be recognised in some such way as that proposed by the member for Sheffield. The man to whom I allude was one of a very different character to Lord Brougham, but, without any disparagement of that eminent statesman, he was, I think, not inferior to any Englishman who ever lived among the statesmen, orators, or poets who have from time to time graced our land—I mean Faraday. (Cheers.) The matter, however, has not been thrown aside, and has indeed been more forcibly impressed upon them by the notice which has been given of this question. I can assure the hon. and learned member for Sheffield that Her Majesty's government will give every consideration to it in consequence of their due performance of public duties—(cheers)—and hope that some manner of perpetuating the memory of those great men satisfactory to the taste and feeling of the country will be carried out. (Cheers.)

Mr. Gladstone said: I had the satisfaction and honour of enjoying during the greater part of my life the friendship of Lord Brougham, and I cordially echo what has been said, not only of his public but his personal qualities, and I can bear testimony to the strict truth of what has been said by my hon. friend, that there was in him an over-flowing affection in intimate combination with the more masculine part of his constitution. His public career was eminent for its consistency, and in most of the undertakings of his life his energy was as commanding success. He was distinguished alike by an ardent love of liberty and a hatred of abuse, while he was distinguished by a disinterestedness which continually tempted him to diverge from the path of politics for the purpose of anticipating the wants of coming generations. To one point he directed his particular attention, the improvement of the laws; and all who laboured in that important field were sure of Lord Brougham's assistance and support. It is deeply to be regretted that the remains of so distinguished a son of his country should rest in a foreign land. But I will not enter into the causes which led to such a choice, for I hold that such causes are beyond our cognizance. The right hon. gentleman has alluded to the name of another distinguished man, the late Professor Faraday, illustrious in science; and although we cannot place the name of Lord Brougham in company with that of Faraday, yet it will be worthy of consideration whether the great efforts made by Lord Brougham to the last moment, almost of his life, for the general advancement and good of humanity will not enable us to escape from the trammels of those principles which involve a very strict and narrow recognition of the memory of men who were mere statesmen.

ROME AND VIENNA.—A letter from Rome in the *Debats* states that the rupture of diplomatic relations between the Vatican and the Austrian Government may now be considered complete. M. de Meysenburg has left, after placing in Cardinal Antonelli's hands the protest of Herr von Enest against the Papal allocution of the 22nd June, which declares null and void the laws passed by the Austrian parliament, and sanctioned by the Emperor.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

GOODWOOD RACES.

GOODWOOD was on Tuesday inaugurated in the presence of a large number of the aristocracy, and in weather which for brilliancy has rarely been exceeded. Consideration for our readers forbids us recurring to the "flowery" business, which has been done so often in glorification of the great meeting in the Duke of Richmond's park. In the face of the great demands which have recently been made upon horseflesh, and the difficulty experienced in preparing animals for their engagements, it is not a subject for wonder that the fields, with the exception of that for the Stewards Cup, should be of limited dimensions. The "going" in the ducal park was, however, not at all hard, and those trainers who availed themselves of the Duke of Richmond's kind offer to have their horses on the spot a week beforehand, must have been delighted to find the private gallops in such excellent order. The attendance of the outside public was not so large as usual on the opening day, but within the enclosure and on the lawn no diminution was observable. The Prince of Wales, who is a guest of the Duke of Richmond, honoured the sport with his presence, but the Duke of Edinburgh, who is also staying in the neighbourhood, was not present.

MIDDLESEX v. KENT (RETURN).—This match has been brought to a conclusion at Islington, greatly to the advantage of Middlesex, who were amply avenged for their defeat at Gravesend. The weather was again sultry in the extreme, and the attendance good. Play began shortly after noon, when Middlesex commenced their second innings with Mr. Sutton and Tom Hearne. As previously, the latter was the first to retire, after making 14 out of a total of 19.

THE FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—The forthcoming fight for the championship of the prize ring and £200 a-side is looked forward to with much anxiety by those who take an interest in such matters. The arrangements have been completed, and on Tuesday, September 1, Joe Goss and Harry Allen will meet in what is called "The Home Circuit," to enter upon the contest. The last "event" was so unsatisfactory, one of the principals having been arrested under somewhat extraordinary circumstances that great care is being taken to make everything what is called "square" this time.

FATAL CASE OF STABBING NEAR BRISTOL.—On Saturday evening three young men named Matthews, Bryant, and Ray, who were all employed in a shoe-factory in Bristol, hired a velocipede and started out for an excursion. The deceased man, whose name is William Harvey, aged 22, employed in a brick and tile yard, after leaving his work went to a wheatfield where three men were reaping. Shortly afterwards the party with the velocipede passed, and some "chaffing" took place. This led to a fight, during which Matthews pulled out his pocket-knife and stabbed Harvey to the heart, causing his instantaneous death. Matthews was apprehended the same evening, and it was with great difficulty he could be protected from the violence of the mob.

SAD RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—A sad accident has just occurred on the Belgian railway between Bruges and Ghent. In one of the carriages was M. P. de Paep, Advocate-General of the Court of Appeal of the last named city. While the train was proceeding between Vyssele and Maldegem a cry of "Fire, fire!" was raised in the carriages adjoining. The real fact was the grating of the fire-place belonging to the locomotive had fallen out, and nothing more; but M. de Paep, thinking there was danger, opened the carriage-door and jumped out. The train was going at full speed, and the unfortunate gentleman fell with such violence as to break his left leg in two places. Information being given by the passengers on arriving at Maldegem, the railway authorities at once repaired to the place where he had fallen, and every necessary attention was bestowed on him.

THE FATAL ACCIDENT AT PONTYPOOL.—On Friday evening Mr. E. D. Batt, coroner, instituted an inquiry at the Town-hall, Pontypool, touching the death of the nine persons at the Glyn Pond on the previous day. It appeared from the evidence of Mr. James Rowlands Essex, who was in the boat at the time of the accident, that they had been some time on the water, and when coming round to the landing place the boat struck on the top of a stake, which caused a hole in the sides through which the water rushed. A large shawl was stuffed into the hole, but that did not stop the leakage. A boatman named Sanger put off to their assistance, and when he neared them the boat, which contained fourteen young ladies and gentlemen, went down. They then seized hold of Sanger's punt and capsized it, and nine out of the number were drowned. The jury returned verdict that the said party was accidentally drowned, and they recommended the proprietors of the pond to provide proper implements for the saving of life if the boats continued there, and that the stakes placed in the pond to prevent persons netting for fish should not be more than 15 inches high.

NEW ENGLISH CHURCH IN SWITZERLAND.—The dedication of the beautiful new English church of Meyringen, in Switzerland, which the Rev. Dr. May has built there for the English visitors, will take place on the second or 7th of August, and the consecration on the 23 or 30. The Lord Bishop of Edinburgh will officiate by commission from the Bishop of London, who is unable to attend in person. The Swiss inhabitants, under the guidance of M. Immer, their respected pastor, have arranged a grand fête for the occasion, to testify their thankfulness for the establishment of the English services among them. The new church has been built in consequence of the ancient one, given by the Swiss government, having become too dilapidated for restoration. The whole expense has been paid for by private efforts, except about £450, towards which donations are urgently requested.—*Galignani*.

CONSPIRACY.—An important trial for conspiracy was brought to a conclusion at the Maidstone Assizes yesterday. A North Sea pilot and two Deal boatmen were charged with having conspired to obtain £426 from Lloyd's Salvage Association for services which had never been rendered. Baker, the pilot, brought the Olivia, a vessel of 800 tons, into the Downs through the North Sea, and with the two other prisoners, concocted a fraudulent claim for salvage, arising out of services alleged to have been performed, by means of which the vessel was represented to have been saved from a very serious collision. They succeeded in obtaining £426 on an award by Lloyd's agent at Deal, but on the ship's agent bringing an action against the owner for the amount so advanced, the Court of Common Pleas gave a verdict for the defendant, on the ground that the services were fictitious and the claims fraudulent. The present prosecution was then instituted, and the jury having found the prisoners guilty, each of them was sentenced to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for six months.

EARL RUSSELL AND LORD PALMERSTON.—In reply to an address which was sent to Earl Russell by the corporation of Romsey in the expectation that his lordship would be present at the unveiling of the Palmerston memorial at Romsey, the noble earl remarks:—"I have deeply to regret that I was unable to perform the honourable duty which had been assigned to me of inaugurating the statue of the late Lord Palmerston. I have been long and intimately associated with him in the responsible government of this great empire. During that time I had learnt to know how deeply he felt for the reputation of his country, and how greatly he valued the influence which she might exercise in favour of liberty and independence in all parts of the world."

SINGULAR DEATH FROM VIOLENCE.

MR. RICHARDS has held an inquiry at the King and Queen Tavern, Three Colt-street, Limehouse, respecting the death of a man named Richard Blakey, aged 33, who, it was alleged, had been killed by the kicks of a young woman named Millicent Wall, with whom he cohabited. The deceased was a waterman and lighterman, and lived at Maldon-court, Limehouse. It appears that some nights ago quarrelsome words, arising out of a trivial circumstance, passed between them, and the deceased, who was not sober, increased the woman's anger by applying an opprobrious epithet to her. She then immediately sprang out of bed, and, with her bare foot, kicked him in the stomach. He gave an exclamation of pain, but made no particular complaint of injury till the next day, when his sufferings became so excruciating that Dr. Brunton was sent for. He died two days after in great agony. Dr. Brunton was closely questioned by the jury as to whether such severe injuries could have been caused by a kick from the naked foot. He said that he should have regarded the affair as improbable, but that there was no doubt of the fact in this case. Wall said she did not intend to injure Blakey. A witness said that deceased was so given to drink that even when he earned £3 in a week he drank £2 of it. Millicent Wall was a sober, well-conducted young woman. The coroner having summed up, the jury returned a verdict of "Manslaughter against Millicent Wall; and the jury taking into consideration the great provocation received by the said Millicent Wall desire strongly to recommend her to mercy." The coroner said he would take bail if the accused thought she could procure it, and she said she thought her former employers would procure it for her.

DRESS ETIQUETTE IN COUNTY COURTS.—At a sitting of the county court for Carnarvon district, held at the County Hall, Mold, last week, the learned judge, Mr. R. V. Williams, addressing the advocates, stated that his attention had been drawn to the fact that none of the professional gentlemen in this circuit appeared in his courts in their official costume, and that he observed, on the present occasion, one gentleman in a velveteen coat, and another in a light and airy shooting-jacket. This was neither respectful to the court nor dignified in itself, and the practice must not be continued. An excellent rule had been made in this respect by the late judge of this court, which in future would be enforced, and he hoped that public notice would be taken of this intimation. At a later stage of the proceedings, upon one of the advocates, who appeared in the shooting-jacket, applying for an advocate's fee, his Honour refused it upon the sole ground that he was not in the recognised legal dress.

SERIOUS RIOT AT NEWCASTLE.—On Monday evening, an alarming riot took place in Sandgate, Newcastle, which resulted in several policemen being seriously injured. For the last four or five days, the police have been on their guard, in consequence of the disorderly proceedings of some of the Irish portion of the inhabitants of that locality. About half-past five, an Irishman named Thomas Kelly was taken into custody by two officers for disorderly conduct, about the centre of Sandgate, where a large number of Irish people were assembled. No sooner had the officers secured their prisoner than they were set upon by his countrymen, who assaulted them in the most violent and brutal manner, and succeeded in rescuing Kelly, who made his escape from the crowd. Ultimately Sergeant Young telegraphed from the Ouseburn to the Manors police-station for assistance, and a number of officers were sent down to the scene of the disturbance, which by this time was at its height, the whole of Sandgate from end to end being densely crowded with people. The police used their truncheons freely amongst the ring-leaders; but the murderous weapons of the Irish, which they wielded with great force, rendered several of the officers almost powerless before a sufficient staff of men arrived to put an end to the riotous proceedings by the apprehension of several of the principals.

FENIANISM.—Mr. Finlen, who was the subject of a question in the House of Commons on Friday afternoon was at that time at the Marlborough-street Police-court, defending himself from the charge of neglecting his children, and keeping them in an unclean condition. Complaint had been made to the magistrate of the state of Finlen's lodgings. Finlen gave a general denial to the allegations, and a witness from Chelsea spoke of him as a straightforward and trustworthy person. There was no formal prosecution, and the matter dropped with the understanding that Finlen would make a home for his children.

FOREIGN.—A curious action has been tried at Valence against some amateurs of velocipedes. A great man in the country, a proprietor of one of the best hermitage vineyards near Tarn, was driving his aristocratic carriage and pair along a road on the banks of the Rhone, when his horses took fright at the unaccustomed spectacle of four get-women bowling along upon velocipedes. They diverged from the road, rushed into a field, and upset the carriage, which sustained some slight damage. The court held the action frivolous, and dismissed it with costs. Apropos, there are to be grand velocipede races round the Enguehain lake next month.

SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—The annual meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was held on Saturday at Willis's-rooms, under the presidency of the Earl of Harrowby. The Secretary read a very elaborate report, setting forth in detail the operations of the society during the past year. From this it appeared that 994 convictions, or an increase of about 200 over the number of the previous year, had been obtained by the society for cases of cruelty to animals. The report pointed to the decrease of vivisection in France, mainly in consequence of the society's operations, and analysed with great minuteness the many repulsive and sickening acts of cruelty the perpetrators of which had been prosecuted and punished by the society.

SUNSTROKES.—From all parts of the country accounts are being received of sunstrokes, which in many cases prove fatal. It is scarcely necessary to say that a large number of these calamities could be averted by a little caution, and by the avoidance of unnecessary exposure to the intense heat of the sun.

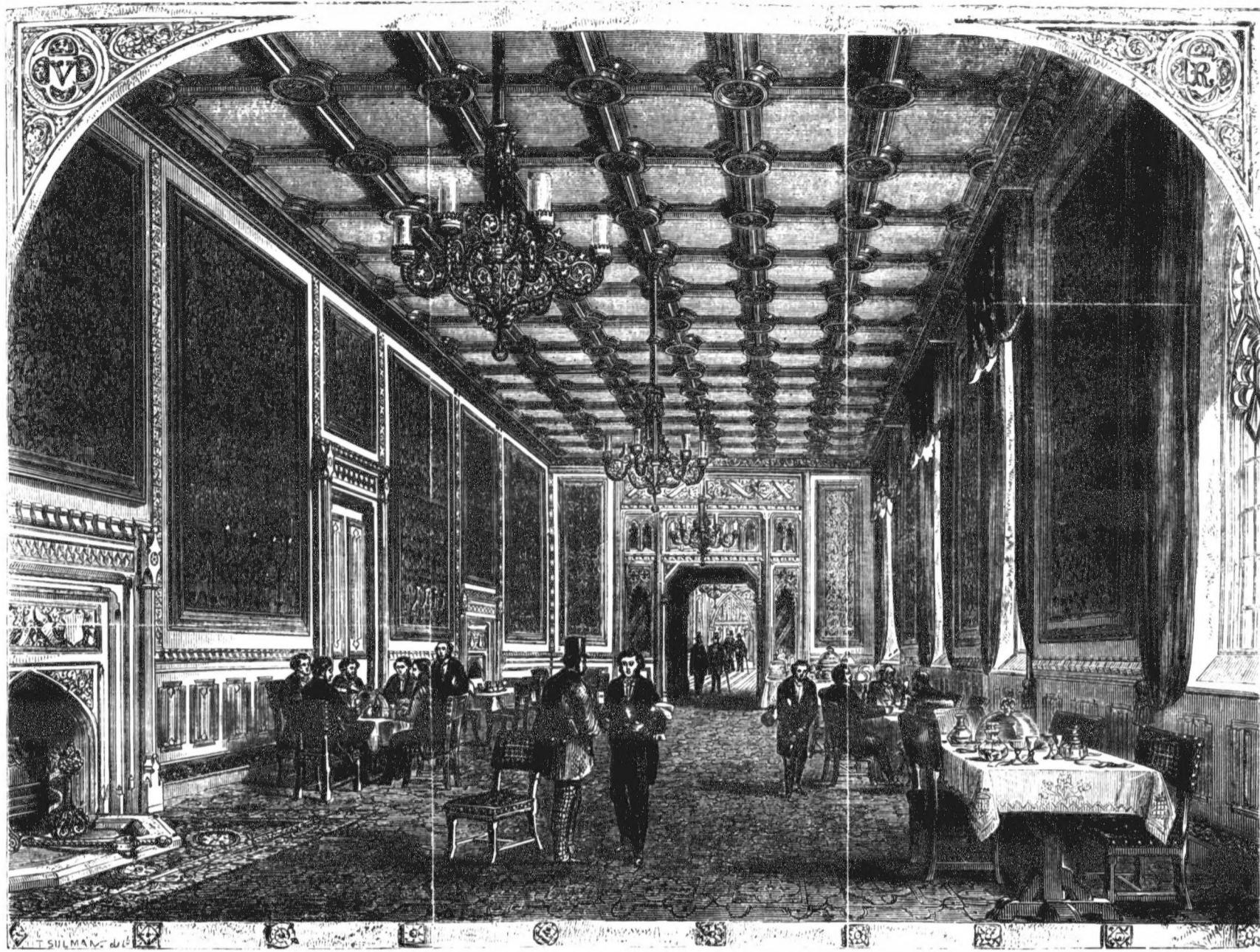
THE ASSASSINATION OF PRINCE MICHAEL.—Sentence has been passed on the persons charged with the assassination of Prince Michael. Fourteen were condemned to death. Among their number are Ridovanovich and his two sons, Sima and Nestor Nenadovich. Prince Alexander Karageorgievich and his secretary, Trifovich, were condemned to twenty years' penal servitude; Philip Stankovich to twenty years' hard labour in a fortress; and Jeremiy to five years' imprisonment. The fourteen convicts were shot on the 28th ult. outside the town, on the bank of the Danube, in presence of a large multitude and a considerable military force.

FATAL ACCIDENT AT WESTMINSTER-BRIDGE.—Mr. W. J. Payne has held an inquest respecting the death of William Bicknell, aged 45 years. The deceased was a painter, living at 30, Bermudsey-square. Last Thursday morning he was standing on a swing stage suspended from the parapet of Westminster-bridge. He was painting the parapet, and forgot to place his left hand on the guide rope; the consequence was that when the stage gave a lurch he fell into the river. Mr. Holloway, surgeon, said that the skull of the deceased had been fractured by his head striking against the lower part of the bridge before he fell into the water. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

EMBEZZLEMENT.—A heavy case of embezzlement, the sum involved being about £4,000, has been investigated at the Mansion house. A clerk in one of the City houses, who was in receipt of a salary of £280 a year, was alleged to have falsified his accounts with the object of procuring money to transact business on his own behalf. A warrant for his apprehension was granted as far back as February last, but he eluded the vigilance of the police until last Monday.



ROTTEN ROW—THE LAST WEEK OF THE SEASON.



THE DINING-ROOM—HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Our Little Village.

THE STORY OF AN ACCIDENTAL DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. BODDERLY'S STYLE.

MRS. BODDERLY was very grand, but she was very mean. She was continually raising at her servants, translating those industrials, and forcing them to weep plentifully in their evening time and their kitchens, sitting with their feet on the fender and their clothes tucked up out of the way of the pattering black beetles. Had anybody accused Mrs. Bodderly of actually pressing "Back Street" pump into her scandalous service, she would have assumed the putty petrificative state immediately. But she did, though as indirectly as going from south to north by taking half the points of the compass.

The fact is that a village pump or a town pump, is a town (or village) nuisance, for it's a low club, a scandalous committee, and often and often when the masters and mistresses are wondering how on earth their little noises have met with popularity, the pump, if it could speak, would cut that knotty point.

Say the courageous Mr. Jangle's domestic love is not running as smoothly as oil from a flask; say that Mr. and Mrs. Jangle are indulging in a usual interchange of condemnatory impressions in a high key—it may happen that even before the expressions are half finished the first of the tender little collection are known all over the town. For Mr. and Mrs. Jangle's maid, knowing her principals are too fully engaged to think about "er," has an impression of her own that another pail of spring water is wanted, so out she goes to the *pro bono* pump, and there behold are maidens, picturesque and pastoral, standing near their pails, leaning against the innocent and enduring vehicle for the justification of their little and personal thoughts. Mr. and Mrs. Jangle's Mary-Jane "pitched down" her pail with a bang of resignation, vowed her life is weary weary, and so gaining a sympathetic attention relates the little homely huff, with several minute particulars, even to the jactation of the keys. Then some cause of dispersal arising, Mary-Jane goes innocently home bearing her limpid burden, while the three water bearers and members of the club who have received the confidences, bear off their watery loads and their information three different ways. How easily do these three channels of information supply the foundation of that gossip which embellishes the tea and muffins; blessed be the village pump club then, for without them our best company to tea would be flat indeed. Nor let Mrs. Jangle repine, for doubtless Mary-Jane is also freighted with other cargoes besides that watery one, and hence the universal balance of things is proved, and Mrs. Jangle has her budget for her neighbour's back, as her neighbour has hers for Mrs. Jangle.

Certain it is that our pump at Pilkington was and is the fountain head of all the mischief in our town, and though little was the water Mrs. Bodderly drank (by all accounts) frequently, very frequently came Mrs. Bodderly's under-maid to the limpid stream. 'Tis capital water at Back Street pump, hence "parties," wherein I include the whole serving race, are perpetually meeting each other, exchanging greetings—every body greets every body else, for there are no "sets" much amongst the serving body, and the

consequence is that there is plenty of sociability; indeed it is generally believed that when any of the serving body give a jumkettin consequent upon an absence on the part of the served, the jumkettin are very capital indeed.

Well Madge, Mrs. Bodderly's littlest maid, had no more capital gossip than Mrs. Clovelly, Mrs. Marken's premier.

Mrs. Clovelly had a clear idea that she was clever, but little Madge could nip a secret out of her as easily as that minute maiden could nip her skinny little arm.

"Al'us busy, Mrs. Clo'ly," said the little pungency to Mrs. Clovelly about a month after Mrs. Bodderly had built a social wall between herself and the Rev. Mr. Geoffrey Walters.

"Morning, Madge; this be a swultrin' da-ay."

"E'es," said Madge. "How's the missus?"

"Oh, her's purely."

"More nor mine; her's wuuserer and wuuserer. How's Miss Winny?"

"Oh, her's all right."

"Ah, an' how's thee?"

"God bless the art gal—I bees well enough."

"Ah! I say that there is queer, thic there."

"Wha-at thic there?"

"Dost thee forget what thee said to Nanny?"

"I tell thee Nan tells whoppins. I tell thee, Madge, I on'y spoke to Mairy."

"Ah; wha-at yun-bean't it?"

"Ees; tho' if her marries parson, parson ull have a quiet omon."

"E'es; whic parson?"

"Why, noo 'un."

"E'es; her'll be happy."

"Helen Jefferson 'ud be appy with uny man—her's a good gal."

Madge went off with this news; and it is a fact that when the unguardedly Clovelly came for a second supply she was quickly joined by Madge.

"Evn, Mrs. Clo'ly—I say, her is going to have he."

"Lor!" said the Clovelly; "re-al-y."

"E'es; I know more nor you."

"Lor, Madge! Yar's a gal for ye!" added the Clovelly.

"E'es; so when thee sees they, thee mayst tell they I knows them."

"Lor, Madge! I wud't go for to zay zitch'a thing to hev new eyes for my old."

"E'es, then when thee sees they what'll thee zay to 'um?"

"Lor, Madge, I passes 'um just quiet loike."

"E'es; and them zet to thou baught?"

"Lor, Madge, them has enough to think of they, an' I dare say they doant zee I in the la-ane."

"E'es; what do them zay to them, I wonder—juddikins?"

"Why, them zes nothin' to them, 'cos them never meets no one not in our la-ane. No one walks in our la-ane."

"E'es—noa, I means. Eh, eh!—so them walks in the lane 'ween Mrs. Markina's and Squires—cross field from the mayor's. E'es, 'es!—he, he! Mrs. Clo'ly."

"Lor, Madge, doant 'ee. Thee looks bad loike when thee look like that there."

"E'es; good s'en', Mrs. Clo'ly. Does I look bad like that there. E'es; eh, eh, eh! Good s'en', Mrs. Clo'ly; eh, eh, eh! E'es."

And still in a chuckling condition, Madge brought her head down from staring up at the gigantic Mrs. Clovelly, shook that sharp head of hers, clutched up her empty pail, and made off.

Mrs. Clovelly stroked her broad hips, and could make nothing of it, except a desire to souse Madge with her bucket of water, for Mrs. C. always came to the well with a watery purpose. Then Mrs. C. stroked her hips again, but still she could make nothing of it, and saw nothing symbolic in the great crimson wedges of scorn she had let into her faded red dress under the armpits to accommodate her increasing assumption in this world. Then she went home, the red wedges still pointing persistently at the victimised Mrs. Clovelly until she went to bed.

But an hour or so before that came to pass, and just as the moon was coming up, the moon might have remarked—if the moon had found any interest in the matter, which as a haughty and cold virgin she had not—might have remarked a rather awkward, fine, tall man, talking with a simple-faced little woman, as they both sat blandly on the trunk of an old tree.

Three or four minutes more and the moon might have been startled by the sudden apparition of a black figure, closely veiled, and propelling itself by steps of conscious caution.

If the moon was not surprised—if the moon did not start in the placid heaven, but like a proud Aristote took it all very calmly, the couple did not, for the lady screamed a little and the gentleman started.

But the black and conscious figure stole on and on, and was lost in the moonlight.

The next day the mayor was sitting in his Treacle Hall, which, by-the-bye, was a capitally furnished residence, when such an apparition appeared to this gentleman coming up the garden sweep as perfectly astounded his worship. It was not a black figure stealing along with melodramatic tendency. It was a lady dressed in the height of the fashion—for Pilkington, and walking as much like the mode as it was possible from a study of those irreproachables.

The Mayor dropped his *Times*—the book on which he swore, and in his commercial life it had been his good friend—rushed out into his hall, and welcomed the visitor, so to speak, with the sounds of cymbals and of drums.

"Good morning, Mr. Jefferson. How do you do?"

"Quite well, ma'm. Though to what am I indebted for this visit.—Pray walk this way. I hope you will pardon the smoke if you do smell it, and I dare say a lady like you do. Why if you'll take that chair it's the more comfortable."

"You ask, Mr. Mayor, to what are you indebted for the honour of this visit, though it is no honour."

"Honour; indeed it is ma'm, and so my daughter Esther would say. She shall be called in, ma'm."

"There is no need, Mr. Mayor. Did she enter the room my visit would be needless. It is of that young woman I have come to speak. I am a parent—I can feel for a parent—of whatever sphere or grade."

"Ma'm—my daughter."

"Deceives you, Mr. Mayor. Nay, don't start."

"My Esther deceive me. Let me call the mayress, ma'm."

"No, thank you, Mr. Mayor. I do not wish to see Mrs. Jefferson."

"Then—then—then, what in Heaven's name do you mean, ma'm?"

"I mean, Mr. Mayor. You will allow me to open the window, for I am a little faint. Thank you, that is quite sufficient. No, sir, no wine, I don't drink—at eleven o'clock, Mr. Mayor. I beg you distinctly to understand that I come here from no conciliatory motive." Here Mrs. Bodderly, for it was that second-set woman,

shook her handkerchief about her grandly. "I come here as a parent—as one mother I may say to another—parent, of course. Don't call your good lady." Here Mrs. Bodderly took a gasp at her cambric. "And as a parent I SPEAK."

"Just so, Ma'am," said the poor mayor, trembling, as he thought of his daughter deceiving him; for so grand a lady could not be wrong; if she had doubts she would not come.

"Just so, ma'am."

"My dear Mr. Mayor—if you will pardon me the expression—your daughter is clandestine."

"My girl what?"

"Clandestine—secret—false—abandoned!"

"Here, wife," said the tender-hearted mayor, and calling out on the chance of his wife's hearing him.

"Sir, not another word, or I retire. I say your daughter is clandestine, your daughter is secret, your daughter is false. Do you believe me—do you doubt me?"

"Ma'am," said the unhappy mayor, and he could not have looked more doleful if Treacle Hall had suddenly melted in the sunlight.

"If you doubt me—if you doubt my word—will you believe your own eyes, Mr. Mayor?"

"What, ma'am?"

"At eight to-night, sir," said Mrs. Bodderly, rising, and speaking as though she were a sybil who abided by the fashions as recognised in "Pilkington"—"at eight."

"Where, ma'am?"

"The old oak tree, Mr. Mayor, in Mrs. Marken's lane, leading to the Squire's—across your field, I believe."

"My oak tree which I cut down, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir, which you *presumed* to cut down."

"Why, it was mine. I bought it and the land with my own, and it kept out my view of the old shop from the back window."

"Go to the back window to-night, Mr. Mayor, and you shall see such a view as shall ANNI-HI-LATE you, sir."

Here Mrs. Bodderly moved three steps forward.

"And, Mr. Mayor, I beg that you will understand that I come here as a parent to another parent. I DO NOT come here as a morning caller."

Here Mrs. Bodderly shook her handkerchief round about her, as though to create a scented circle, which should keep off the contamination of Treacle Hall air, and she sallied out, the mayor humbly following and opening the door.

That night at eight the mayor was within half dozen yards of the oak stump, and surely enough came up the lane a tall, heavily walking man, while down the lane came a fluttering step; the next moment the mayor heard the voice of his daughter greeting the unknown man.

Then this man spoke, and he thought he recognised the voice.

Another moment and they had sat down upon the old oak-tree stump, and quickly he came and stood before them.

"What right have you to steal my girl from me? Ah! you may start, man, and you too, Hetty."

"I—I didn't."

"You lie! Honest men don't creep about honest men's houses like this."

"I—I was going to speak this very night."

"Who are you? Turn to the light. Why, it's the teacher—beggarly teacher!"

"If goodness goes by riches, sir, I know you are my better; but—but we have not been our own masters in this matter, and—." Here the speaker coughed.

"Ah! you may well cough; 'tisn't an honest man's way of explaining, though. Now, I tell thee, lad, go thy ways, leave us at peace, and I'll say naught about this. I don't want to injure thee. But I tell you, if you don't leave my girl alone, I'll—I'll punish you."

"Sir," the usher began, when he again coughed.

"Now go, lad. I tell thee I wish thee no harm; and—and to prove it, shake hands and let us part friends."

The two men held each a hand of the other, and were turning different ways, when again the moon might have remarked the apparition of a dark and gliding figure.

The two gentlemen immediately became aware of a foreign presence, as a doctor would have it.

"I beg, gentlemen," said the voice, "that you will not think I am here in my social capacity. I am not; I am here as a parent, and as a duty I owe to myself. Mr. Mayor, I trust my name has not been mentioned?"

"Ma'am, it hasn't, and it wouldn't have been."

"I am glad to hear it; for it shows you an honourable man, Mr. Mayor; but as parent I must say, and I owe it to myself to say, that I could do no more, Mr. Mayor. Good night. Mr. Walters, may a weak woman, and a lady, I assure you, ask for the support of your arm to her door—the back door, of course, for I owe it to my social position to be secret in this business. I beg, Mr. Mayor, you exonerate me entirely."

The handsome, awkward teacher peered eagerly towards the girl; but she could not see him, for her face was lying on her father's breast. So she turned away from him, and the last she heard of him was that cough, a slight cough, but which shook him terribly.

Mrs. Bodderly was not altogether filled with Pilkington fashion and Pilkington position, for she marked the paroxysm, and said, as she prepared to glide in at the back door, "I do not speak from my social position, Mr. Walters, but I speak as a mother; get something for that cough." And she left him to himself at last.

CHAPTER VII.

QUITE A NEW ARRIVAL.

The coach agitated us every other day at five. It was very seldom it took up a passenger, and more seldom still that it set one down, nor did it take up nor set down in Pilkington. If the Pilkingtonians wanted to see the coach they had to go about a quarter to half a mile out of the town to see it, which many sentimental people would do, for the departure of a coach, and the gradually lessening sound of its departing wheels, has its effect on the sympathies.

There was a queer kind of fly which usually went from the head inn to the top of our branch road to run the chance of some one dropping down, and only the very next day after Mrs. Bodderly's support received from the teacher's arm, this cantankerous old fly came jangling into the town, the centre of such a mass of leggy and skeletonian luggage as forced down the jaws of the whole pump club, then and there listening to the narrative of Mrs. Bodderly. Not from Madge herself, but from Mrs. Clo'ly, who had had it insidiously from Madge, and whose scapegoat Mrs. Clo'ly existed.

This new arrival was a brown-complexion'd woman with eyes like beads and hair like jet.

"Faith," said she, dishing out of the antique fly.—"Ye'd best as well break me heart as mo traps. Be's gentle, now, wid 'em as wid babies; and don't exhibit such consternation in yer faces."

At this moment Will, of the inn, was handing down something which to him seemed to be nothing but three legs.

This the little woman set out at once to the edification of all the juveniles, who had of course got the best places.

"Ab," said ore, "him stans."

"Yes," said the little lady, chucking that child under the chin. "Yes—but he don't stand any better on his three legs than you on your two, me boy."

"Now then, me man, if ye wouldn't ruin me have a care wid that box. Faith, its worth more to me than I'd give for your features. And which is the old Scotch body, Mrs. Mac Sweeny. I've a letter of recommendashun to Mrs. Mac Sweeny. Sure I'll

give a sapsence to 'un who treats me oies to a sight of Mrs. Mac Sweeny."

And Will himself volunteering his pioneer ship, this astounding arrival saw her boxes laid carefully on one side, and then marched off, carrying her three-legged mystery with her.

Now the members of the pump club present thought this quite enough to retail at home, and with one exception whipped up their tails and sped away with the intelligence; but the super-precocious Madge rushed forward to Mrs. Mac Sweeny's, and was engaged with that Scotch relic when the new arrival came up under the guardianship of Will. Hence I am able to give some details of this new comer.

"The best rest of the day to you, Mrs. Mac Sweeny," said the bright little woman.

"Eh," said Mrs. Mac Sweeny.

"I'm wishing ye as many years as ye have wrinkles, Mrs. Mac Sweeny, and I trust ye'll have em."

"Eh," said Mrs. Mac Sweeny, still peering out from under her cap, which was a very severe business indeed.

"Well, Mrs. Mac Sweeny, an' won't ye be letting me in on the strength of me looks, now?"

"No," said Mrs. Mac Sweeny, with fearful decision.

"Faith, then, I'll be my own postman, an' here's a letter for Mrs. Mac Sweeny."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Mac Sweeny, blocking up her door-way, and opening the letter.

Madge was prepared to swear that after reading it Mrs. Mac Sweeny smiled—a thing before unheard of in Pilkington, and then Madge had no further report to make, for Mr. Mac Sweeny let the stranger in and shut Madge very completely and contemptuously out.

Mrs. Bodderly was in immense anxiety to know who this new arrival could possibly be; but as she knew no one (whereby she referred to the body of some-one) would get the news at an earlier hour than herself, she went to bed with a quiet conscience.

Of course Mrs. Bodderly *did* learn first that the lady was a "painter," and she made quite a round of calls to announce the fact.

It is just possible that had the painter, whom we soon found to be a Miss Mac Flurry, of the sister isle, come to Pilkington expressly to live by it, not a penny of our coin would have found its way into her purse; but when it became rumoured and known that she had only come to make studies of our splendid scenery and attractive villages, such lots of work poured upon her as made Miss Mac Flurry declare, bedad, she wished that she did, she had taken a sate in the coach to Pilkington long before.

In the first place Miss Herrist's papa yielded to Gertrude's pretty desire to be painted, and Miss Mac Flurry protested Gertrude was an eendeemneefecation for all the bad "phizes" she painted in her loife. Should she paint her after Sir Joshua, an' a long way after—an' made her a second Nelly wid the shadow half down her face in the shuparbest manner?

Sir Thomas, too, "Ginger" as I have said they called him, was good enough to patronise Miss Mac Flurry.

After that of course the Bodderly followed suit, and the "painter woman," as the natives would call our artist, had been full six weeks in our Pilkington without having leisure to take a single bit of Pilkington or its characteristic people off.

Miss Mac Flurry was dashing away at the property brocade dress in which the portrait was to appear, when Mrs. Mac Sweeny opened the door with an "Eh, yere's anither," and ushered in a very pale, quiet-looking young lady.

"Ah, but ye're not yerself, I'm thinking," said Miss Mac Flurry, degrading three Connemara girls from a chair to the mere ground.

"No," said the visitor. "I suppose you know what I've come for, Miss Mac Flurry. You see I know your name."

"Faith, and I'm proud, and I'm honoured more if I know your own."

"My name is Esther Jefferson."

"And I don't know that same; but I like yer face and yer manner; and if it's yer own face ye've come about, I can only wish ye more of the colour was in't; and now, tell me what ye've come to me for."

"I'm afraid mine will be but a poor portrait, Miss Mac Flurry."

"Faith, no; we've more colour than white, an' it's no colour at all, they say, an' we'll put as much pink in it as ye will."

"Then that will be none. I want to be painted just as I am."

"And a swate painting 'twill be: and it's not I will say that to every one I'm talking wid."

"Eh," said Mrs. Mac Sweeny, putting her head in at this juncture. "Eh, here's anither."

"Pray, pardon me, Miss Mac Flurry," said a voice at the door. I feel that really this is an intrusion, but a business matter prevails. Good morning, Miss Jefferson."

"And good morning to yer, ma'am," said Miss Mac Flurry; "an' I feel inconfounded with my honours; and ye'll pardon me, ma'am, for not meeting ye at the door."

"There's no necessity," said the last comer. "Miss Mac Flurry—if I may dare ask—I would claim a portrait."

"Faith, ma'am, I'll do my best wid yer faytures—and not bad faytures naythir—though I'm honarred here, for 'tis the second this morning, this young lady being the first."

"Indeed!" thought Mrs. Bodderly. "Then she has come for a portrait. Now, what does it mean?"

Hence it was that it was soon known all over the town that Esther Jefferson was having her portrait taken. People added, that if they chose they could say more, which, of course, was a clear sign they knew nothing.

However, the painting of Esther's portrait went on in spite of the school for scandal.

"Miss Mac Flurry, would you be a porter as well as an artist?"

"Faith, for your—a little mors light on the hair we'll have in a jiffey."

"Well, will you give it to—"

"To his mother's son, you'd be after saying; faith, I'd give it him twice. Sure, Miss Esther, there's no need o' them tears; they'll not improve the portrait. Faith, it isn't often I'm kissed by the young people; and I'm thinking yer best way will be to sit down again, and git a little straight before you turn out in the street, which, it's me impression, is all eyes."

Some days after, Miss Mac Flurry was conversing with a tall, awkward, and bardsome gentleman, and she seemed very familiar with him too. Faith, it was in her painting-room they were.

"I tell ye what, if ye were a real boy, ye'd cut with her. Hwhat, 'tisn't honourable! Faint heart's a fool, I tell ye; and it's not I'd be contint with a twopenny picture, when I'd have the real jewel myself. Hwhat, 'tis her very self; 'tis no compliment to the artist young man, for I'd wage me stock ye see her bonnie faytures everytime you look in the fire. Faith, take a lesson from Nature, and don't for iver and ever wear that dismal mug, my boy; it's no moe use than a broken pitcher, an' see how the sun comes out on the cromlech there, there—there don't be after kissing the paint, but jist try after the real body."

Now Lord Hetland was in the habit of giving a kind of fete once or twice a year at his place, varying according to the season, and our artist, as we called Miss Mac Flurry, had not been with us above a month or so when Lord Hetland gave us a flower-show and some music in his grounds.

Amongst others to get an invitation was Miss Mac Flurry. Mrs. Bodderly thereupon intimated that she knew the instigator to the invitation. And Miss Mac Flurry went as gay and dashing as any.

In the very centre of the entertainment, and when the band was playing divinely—for Pilkington, there was quite a disturbance be-

tween two ladies, one of them beyond a doubt being Miss Mac Flurry.

"Woman!" said this latter, in an injured tone, "sure what are ye better yourself than a woman. I'm thinking it's not yourself can be, seeing ye're no angel!"

It appeared from ultimate enquiries that Miss Bellew, who had come out in full arrogant force, was sitting with her party when Miss Mac Flurry came up and took a vacant seat with a smile. Whereupon the Bellew gave her a look which the good-humoured Irishwoman met with another smile. Then Miss Bellew begged she would move her chair, whereupon Miss Mac Flurry begged to say she wouldn't, whereupon Miss Bellew said "Woman." Miss Mac retorted, and a genteel row was the consequence.

"Woman!" said Miss Mac again. "Faith, what was yer mother, ma'am?"

"Creature," said Miss Bellew.

"Faith and creature comes near to Creator, and ye'll not be scoffing there I take it. Faith, I'd like to know who ye are wid yer grand airs."

"Hush," said a voice; "that's Miss Bellew."

"Is it, indeed," said the Irish artist, perfectly undaunted. "And if it's not an impertinence in a mere WOMAN, I'd like to know who Miss B. is when she's at home."

Here Miss Bellew drew her green dress away as from contagion.

"Faith, yer may draw it away, but if I was paintin' it would be wid a dirty brush; and I don't know which is worst, yer heart or yer dress, and if nobody will back me I'll say yer no lady if it's only for insulting a poor Irishwoman who's done ye not the least harm in the world, wid yer grand airs and yer hands like a dairymaid's."

All this time Mrs. Bodderly, who formed one of Miss Bellew's party, had sat with the "putty petrificave face," but at this juncture she changed it for one of astounded astonishment, for what did her eyes see? Did they see Sir Thomas Margnette go up to the licensed little Irishwoman? Did they see that baronet offer his arm to Miss Mac Flurry? Did they see her accept it? Did Mrs. Bodderly's astounded ears mark Miss Mac say, "Faith, ye're a good man and a gentleman?" And did the whole astonished party mark the couple move away from the spot, and did they mark the baronet sitting by the side of the painter, apparently listening to her emphatic remarks which seemed to be about nature as seen in my Lord Hetland's park?

(To be continued)

SMUGGLING LACE.—Ladies of rank were stopped in their chairs in Fleet-street or Covent-garden, and relieved by the officers of the Customs of French lace to which they could not show a satisfactory title. Even ladies, when walking, had their mittens cut off their hands, if supposed of French manufacture; and a poor woman was stopped with a quartern loaf in her hands, which, when examined, contained £200 worth of lace inside the crust. In 1767, an officer of the Customs seized £400 worth of Flanders lace artfully concealed in the hollow of a ship's buoy. Even his Grace the Duke of Devonshire was, after death, poked into at Dover with a stick, to the disgust of his servants, to make sure that he was real. Forty years, indeed, before that the body of a deceased clergyman was found to have been replaced by a bulk of Flanders lace of immense value. The smugglers had cut away the trunk from the head and hands and feet, and removed it; and the discovery of this trick caused the ignominious treatment of the body of the Duke of Devonshire. Nevertheless the High Sheriff of Westminster ran comfortably £6,000 worth of French lace in the coffin of Bishop Atterbury, who died in Paris, when he was brought over, counting, probably, on a dead bishop inspiring more awe than a deceased duke.—*Quarterly Review*—new number.

ACCIDENTALLY POISONED.—A physician writes to the *Daily News*: "A very melancholy death from an accidental overdose of strichnine is given in the journals this week, that of a lady in Kensington-on-palace-gardens; a very similar case was recently taken at once to one of the London hospitals—a similar case in every point as to the dose taken, and terrible spasms and agony which caused death; but the hospital patient was restored to perfect health by the influence of chloroform inhalation, as it is highly probable this poor young lady would have been were not chloroform surrounded by a host of most absurd prejudices, parliamentary and other alarms, and general misapprehensions of its value in this and other affections."

HOME AGAIN.—Last week Mr. Home made an unsuccessful application before Justice Blackburn to have the order made on Saturday set aside, by which the venue in his action against Mrs. Lyon for the recovery of some five hundred pounds worth of jewels which he presented to that lady was removed from Surrey to Middlesex. Mr. Home's counsel urged everything he could in favour of a speedy trial of the question of the ownership of the jewels, and Mrs. Lyon's counsel intimated that when the £60,000, which was the subject of the late action, was re-transferred to his client, the jewels would be returned. Mr. Justice Blackburn appeared to think that if Mrs. Lyon had to wait for the £60,000, Mr. Home might wait a little for the jewels, and he refused the application.

THE LATE HEAT AND SUNSTROKE.—Here are the returns for the last three days of the great heat in London and its neighbourhood only: Charles Fisk, aged 20 years, who expired from the effects of a sunstroke. The deceased was a journeyman baker, in the employ of Mr. Turner, baker, 7, High-street, Borough. On Wednesday, between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon, he was pushing a baker's barrow up Fleet-street, when he suddenly fell to the ground. He was picked up, and carried to Bartholomew's Hospital, where Dr. Emsley attended him, but all efforts to save the poor man's life proved of no avail, and he died in an hour after his admission. On the same afternoon, a dairyman, while walking along the pavement in Farringdon-street, fell dead from the effects of the heat of the sun. Two cases of sunstroke also occurred at Witham, on Wednesday. On Tuesday a lad belonging to Danbury was struck down near the Blue Lion Inn, Great Baddow, and conveyed home in a very critical state. On Wednesday a maltster named Smith, in the employ of Messrs

THE GARDEN:

PLANT HOUSES.

MANY plants will now need further attention in regard to potting them on for a future autumn or early winter display. These comprise such things as *Justicias*, *Eschynanthus*, *Eranthemums*, *Poinsettias*, and the like, which belong properly to the stove. Many others, such as *Ageratum*, *Heliotropes*, *Libonias*, *Monochotomus*, *Crowea*, *Correas*, *Silvias*, &c., will need similar attention for greenhouse and conservatory display. Encourage a good, firm, strong growth upon all *Poinsettias* the young shoots upon which are intended for propagation at an early date. With this intention they must be shaded but little, and should be frequently sprinkled overhead. Should the long-wished-for rainy period arrive, do not omit to "house" all tender and delicate plants. Even *Camellias* and *Azaleas*, though they would seem to stand a large amount of moisture with impunity, are sure to receive injury if allowed to become soddened with excessive moisture. Look well after climbing plants, which should be trained and kept regularly in order. Continue the necessary potting off of all *Cinerarias*, *Primulas*, and *Chrysanthemums*. Particularly avoid pinching back the latter after the last week of the current month. To do so later will greatly endanger the hope of a good and fine bloom. Syringe them overhead, or otherwise moisten them morning and evening; and have resort to every means possible for the destruction of earwigs and other insect pests which are becoming, as the drought continues, more and more numerous and troublesome.

FORCING HOUSES.

ALLOW young growing shoots upon vines having a crop of young grapes which have completed their first swelling, to ramble freely in moderate quantities, resuming the close stopping process about the third week in next month. Should dull weather visit us it will be advisable to just warm the pipes of flues occasionally in those houses which contain exclusively, or nearly so, muscats. Others, such as *Sweetwaters*, *Hamburgs*, and others of a similar constitution, will not need such assistance. It will be well, however, in houses containing them, not to make the surface of internal borders too wet and sloppy during the continuance of very dull weather. Look well after mildew, in order to detect it upon its first approach. In regard to Pines, a change of weather will require the bottom heat, both internally as regards pite, and outwardly with respect to linings, to be at a fair and average height. Too sudden changes must not be allowed. All pine suckers which are removed from the plants should be stuck into the tan bed without loss of time or potted up forthwith; at this season they dry up very quickly if allowed to lay about. Give all needed to form good plants a bottom heat of from 86° to 90°, and by means of plentiful humidity give all surface assistance possible. Melons will now need incessant care as regards stopping, thinning out leaves, watering, &c. Do not give much root water whilst the fruits are small—not indeed until they are as large as walnuts, when a copious watering will benefit them much, as they will swell off kindly. Use flowers of sulphur plentifully for the purpose of warding off attacks of red spider. It is a good plan to make a wash of fresh slacked lime and the above in about equal quantities, and to paint the inner sides of the boxes or pits more or less therewith. Remove the lights from Peach and Nectarine houses, as they now become denuded of their crops, and so afford the free ingress of the outer dews, &c., to the trees. It will be well even then, however, if dry weather continues, to syringe them overhead occasionally. Figs, which have fruit ripening upon them must be kept drier than previously. This, with abundance of air, greatly enhances the flavour. As I have before urged, be mindful to keep red spider in check.

HARDY FLOWER GARDEN.

Where dahlias have made average progress, they will now require a little thinning out of some of the more crowded shoots. Those who followed my advice some time ago, and mulched the surface of dahlia plantations well, will have saved much labour in the way of watering. Those who have not done so may even now mulch with much benefit to the plants, especially if they are well watered afterwards. Cut back all plants growing over box-edgings, or such as are otherwise untidy, and where comeatable put in cuttings of *pelargoniums*, *petunias*, *salvias*, and other varieties of bedding plants which require to be well established before winter arrives. I fear that unless some great alteration takes place in the weather there will be but few cuttings to be had. Old plants will therefore in all likelihood be needed for the purpose of repotting. The earlier pipings of pinks, &c., which have by this time rooted pretty freely, may with proper shading be fully exposed to the outer air. Keep them moist, sprinkling them frequently overhead. Make the final sowing of pansies, and continue the putting in of the necessary supply of cuttings for sheltered storing away during severe winter months. Continue the necessary rose building where the bark rises pretty freely; but delay the operation if the wood be hard and dry and the buds do not part freely from the wood from which they are extracted; also continue to put in cuttings of *Noisette*, *Bourbon*, or *Chinese tea roses*. These root readily at this season, put in moderately firm and with "heels" of more matured wood at the base of each. Give all evergreen herbaceous plants good soakings occasionally. This will be absolutely needed in order to keep them alive, especially such things as *gentianas* and *tritomas*, which do not succeed well in dry seasons. All American plants in like manner must be watered if anything in the shape of growth is to be made, putting the formation of flower-buds out of the question. I find it the handiest way, where room exists, to get on to the lawn with a water-cart, to drive it up to the plants requiring water, turn the horse round, and by the aid of small hose or similar appliance cause the water to flow directly thereon. This saves that everlasting water-pot "lugging," which is so trying at the best of times. I find, moreover, that the horse's hoofs or cart-wheels make no appreciable impression upon the smoothest grass surfaces.

HARDY FRUIT GARDEN.

Those who wish to preserve gooseberries or currants to a later date than is customary, should now remove all superfluous shoots and spare leaves, and have the trees netted so loosely as to admit air to pass freely into and out through each bush. Continue to prepare the necessary spaces for fresh plantations of strawberries. They will thus be ready, when a more felicitous season arrives, to make the much-needed transplantation.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

I hope that my fellow labourers are more fortunately circumstanced than myself, in regard to this department. Here insect pests adhere to, and devastate without partiality, nearly every crop. Two varieties of "black fly" devour between them everything in the *Brassicas*, *Borecole*, and even the *Jerusalem artichoke*, *celery*, *sage*, and *herb* line. No form of "insecticide" that I can administer seems to make any impression on them. So late is the season getting that some serious attempt must be made to get in part of the stock of winter stuff. The better way will be to draw drill rows of moderate depth, into which the plants when well watered must be put, and be again watered in. Nothing will suffice afterwards to keep them alive but constant periodical waterings, and those alone who, unlike ourselves, have a tolerably plentiful supply of water, can expect any great amount of success. Sow a little *endive*, *lettuce*, and *cabbage* seeds in pans or boxes, if no empty frames exist, for pricking out when rain arrives.—W. E. in the "Gardener's Chronicle."

THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE PARISIAN FASHIONS.

FASHION is so inconstant and bizarre in its movements during this nineteenth century of ours that it is extremely difficult to indicate what may be termed simple and reasonable toilettes, and yet to keep pace with the actual style of what is worn. The more pompos, farbelows, flounces, ruches, or paniers you wear at the present day the more elegant is your appearance supposed to be. Certainly there are neither long mittens, patches, nor powder to be seen, but with these exceptions a lady who is dressed according to the latest decrees of the fickle goddess might have sat to Watteau for one of his coquettish shepherdesses, for many of our élégantes look exactly as though they had descended from a frame, so Watteau-esque is their costume.

The stifling and continuous heat of the season has made costumes of thin materials a positive necessity, and none are more popular than those made of white muslin or *Nainsook*, and worn over coloured batiste petticoats and linings. They are much less expensive and also cooler than silks, and they produce a really charming effect. They are made short, with a wide plaiting round the edge of the petticoat—mauve, turquoise blue, and cerise batiste being the colours generally preferred. The white skirt is loose over the coloured batiste petticoat, and is looped up by bows of silk the colour of the batiste. If the dress is made of embroidered muslin, the skirt is then bordered with a ruche edged with *Valenciennes*, but if it is of plain muslin, it is trimmed with a plaiting à la *vieille*. These white costumes are frequently cut as high *Watteaux*, worn over low batiste bodices, and confined round the waist by a wide sash fringed to match, and tied at the side.

Striped white muslins, in the style of Indian muslins, are also very popular; they are trimmed to match, and look exceedingly stylish. Dinner dresses, with train skirts, are made of the same materials, with the coloured cambric petticoats beneath.

Everyone knows how popular the striped petticoats have been; these are now superseded by some novelties called the "Fatouma" skirts, which are made of yellow satin (the golden yellow shade) and striped with either cerise, royal blue, or pale green—for all shades harmonise perfectly with golden yellow. These petticoats are made without flounces or trimmings of any sort; indeed, many who are economically inclined, content themselves with a band of satin for the lower half of the petticoat, making the upper half of silk or some less costly material.

A somewhat Oriental name has been given to these petticoats in honour of the Queen of *Mohély*, whose apparition in the capital has been one of the events of the past fortnight. Her Majesty is thirty-one years of age, and since her marriage is called *Fatouma*. Her features are regular, her hair soft and glossy—a rare gift among African women—and her complexion is of a remarkably dark hue. Her Majesty, who is staying at the *Grand Hotel*, has in her suite several ladies of honour, a grand chamberlain, and domestics, amongst whom is a cuisinier, who alone prepares the meals for his august mistress. Queen *Fatouma*'s father was Prince of *Madagascar*, and her husband a relative of the Sultan of *Zanzibar*. She has received a European education, is amiable, well informed, and is understood to abstain entirely from spirituous and fermented drinks. Throughout the whole of her journey her gilt-bronzed Majesty has been an object of great attention and curiosity. At the railway stations crowds rushed forward to get a glimpse of her, and in Paris every one evinces the same desire. The singular form of the jewels she wears, and the colour of her dress, in which red and yellow predominate, help to make her very conspicuous. The other evening she was present at the opera, to witness the representation of "Herculanum," and occupied the stage box. It appeared to me that "L'Africaine" should rather have been performed in compliment to this dark-complexioned Majesty, who seems to try and avoid any public demonstration, for she invariably asks for a *loge grise* whenever she goes to the theatre. She wore her crown at the *Opéra*, and I am told she is rarely to be seen without it.

Two evenings previous to seeing the Queen of *Mohély* at the opera, I remarked the *Duchess de Sesto* (Mdme. de Morny) there, accompanied by her husband, who is as handsome as a hero of romance. The *Duchess* wore a very sombre toilette, which showed off her wonderfully fair complexion, snowy white skin, and golden hair to perfection. Her dress was black *poult de soie*, covered with a black *grenadine* tunic, looped up in paniers with a wide black *satin* sash; the tunic was bordered all round the edges with narrow flounces. Not an ornament round the throat, not an earring; simply a large diamond most peculiarly mounted as a brooch in the centre of the bodice. Long ringlets escaped from the chignon and fell quite to the centre of her back. On the same night I remarked several beautiful toilettes at the opera. I will describe one of them. A white silk skirt, with a tunic of white *tarlatan* above it. The tunic was cut in one piece, with the low bodice and *bouillonné* lengthwise, and between the *bouillonné* were small bows of cerise *satin* ribbon, with small mother-of-pearl buckles fastening them down. The low bodice, square both at the front and back, was ornamented on the tucker with tiny cerise bows, a large rose to match being fastened at the sides. Cerise *satin* sash, made with folds, which opened fan-like at the back of the skirt.

The taste for all that was worn during Louis XV.'s reign, so strongly evinced at the present time, is bringing us back the dresses with long points. Mdme. *Elise* and others of our leading modistes strongly affirm that few dresses will be made without points during the forthcoming winter; in fact, several of these points have recently come under my notice. One I especially remarked was a splendid dress for a bride, and made of white *gros Impérial*, with a tunic of application d'Angleterre, which was looped up at the sides by bows fringed with orange blossoms. The sash which fell over the tunic was also fringed with orange blossoms. The bodice, fastened down the front with flowers, described a large point commencing from the hips; the sleeves were *bouillonné* to the top, and above each *bouillonné* there was a bracelet of orange blossoms. Mdme. *Elise* has made the same style of dress in peach-coloured *poult de soie* with a rose-coloured *China crêpe* tunic over it. The tunic was looped up at the back in a *Camargo* puff, and trimmed with *Alengon* lace. The bodice was low, and the *bouillonné* sleeves terminated with ruffles. This toilette was made for a dinner party given at the French Embassy in London. It was completed by sprays of pink *acacia* arranged upon the head, and looking like light feathers. A spray of *acacia* placed in the centre of a nest of white lace ornamented one side of the tunic.

Whilst on the subject of *acacias*, I should not omit to mention that Mdme. *Moreaux* *Dedebury* manages to compose the prettiest bonnets imaginable out of these very graceful and popular flowers. The bonnets are *Watteau* fanchons in form, and are made of straw-coloured tulle. In the centre of the front there is a coquille of black lace which extends into lappets; a spray of *acacia* is placed in the lace, and the small golden flowers are partially concealed by it; then a second spray, fastened to the side, descends across the chignon, and intermingles with the hair. This style of bonnet is also made in golden brown tulle, and is intended to be worn by brunettes. For *blondes*, water-green, pink, and pearl-grey tulle, trimmed with white *acacia* are selected in preference. With pearl-grey the white sprays are mounted on black stems, and for half-mourning are most stylish and suitable.—*The Queen*.

GREY & faded hair restored to the original colour by F. E. SIMEON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

LITERATURE.

An English Version (the Original Crowned by the French Academy) of M. Frédéric Mistral's "Mireio." From the Original Provençal, under the Author's Sanction. Avignon, Roumieu.

THE burst of Provençal song which some years since took Paris by surprise, and for a while brought simple rural characters into vogue, now appears in an English version. Crude, rough, and unmusical as this version is in parts, it has been executed with a conscientious desire to reproduce the sense of the original, and often succeeds in catching its freshness and pictorial effect. Through every disadvantage of the English medium the charm of "Mireio" makes itself gradually but deeply felt. At first, the reader, if pleased, is not greatly struck by the tranquil flow of pastoral relation, which so imperceptibly increases in force and volume that he cannot well indicate the point at which the spring became a river. M. Mistral has told his story with unaffected simplicity. *Mireio*, a young and beautiful girl of Provence, falls in love with *Vincen*, a young, clever, and handsome weaver. With the story of their passion are interwoven the other persons and incidents of this simple narrative, which, with all its simplicity, is interesting to its melancholy close. A prominent and telling figure in the group is that of *Ourrias*, the cattle-brander, and rival of *Vincen*. The description of a fight between the two young men is singularly graphic. There is even something Homeric in the ardent spirit and minute yet powerful detail of this idyllic encounter. All is boldly realistic. We see the eyes of the combatants glare; see their lusty limbs strained and quivering; almost hear the grinding of their teeth in the fury of the contest. Excellent, too, is the scene which follows. *Ourrias*, having treacherously stabbed *Vincen*, gallops to a distant *ferry*. The *ferry-boat* rocks and dances, making the superstitious pilot fear that there is a murderer amongst his passengers. Awe-struck, however, he remembers that on this particular night the ghosts of drowned people rise from the water, and no longer wonders at its agitated surface. While he is yet musing the ghostly procession rises from the depths, and moves along the shore, visible by the ghastly light shed from their tapers. The superstitious terror of the pilot and the guilty dread of *Ourrias* are admirably depicted. There is throughout the scene a something wild and weird, like the low restless sound of wind and water before a thunder-storm. While indicating some features of the poem which are too long for quotation, we must advert to the description, in the tenth canto, of a long, bare marsh, which runs hard upon the sea. While no point of the picture is heightened for the sake of effect, nothing can be more vivid than the whole. There are in the lines sharp scents of the sea, of the summer, and of the wild surrounding country. It is no delicious ideal heat that falls upon this uncultivated region; it is the calm intense heat of a southern summer—the heat of a sun whose blinding rays beat and burn till the cracked earth smokes. To do any justice to the scene which we have described, they should be quoted at length. Here, however, is a more manageable extract. A peasant girl, imagines herself, with her lover, surveying Provence from the summit of a tower:—

To my tower's turret with my prince
I'd love to mount
Believe of crown and mantle,
And with him alone
Delightful it would be
To peer into the distance,
Leaning side by side upon the parapet.

And take a full view
Of my merry kingdom of Provence
Before me opening like an orange-grove,
And scan its blue sea stretching languidly
Beyond its hills and plains,
And watch its noble ships tricked out with flags
In full sail shewing Château d'If.
Ventour we'd turn to, lightning-scathed Ventour!
That venerably lifts
Above the mountains cowering under him
His white head to the heavens;
Like a tall old shepherd-chief
Among the beeches and wild pines
His flock o'erlooking, leaning on his staff.
The Rhône we'd turn to next,
Along whose banks come laughing, singing,
Cities in a file, to dip their lips and drink.
The Rhône, so stiff and haughty in his passage!
Even he will condescend to bend,
As soon as Avignon appears,
Respectfully to Notre-Dame-des-Doms.

Then, we'd turn to the Durance contemplate:
The Durance who, now fierce and ravenous as a goat,
Devours banks and bridges in her course;
And now mock-modest as a maid
With pitcher coming from the well,
Her scanty water spills while dallying
With the lads she encounters on her way.

The life and colour of the whole scene, and the charming individualisation of the two rivers, will hardly fail to strike the readers of this extract, which displays both the merits and the faults of the translator.

DEATHS FROM FIRE.—On Saturday Mr. Richards held an inquest at the London Hospital, touching the death from fire of Joanna Moore, aged 64 years. The deceased was a single woman, living at No. 23, *Harding-street*, *Ratcliff*. On Monday evening last she struck a light with a lucifer match, and then threw it under the fireplace. Some loose papers therein caught fire and ignited her dress, which blazed up instantly. William Ellis, a hammerman, living at No. 42, *Harding-street*, opposite the deceased's house, saw her rush past the window in flames. He at once ran across the street, and with some difficulty burst in the outer door. He then saw the deceased, burning frightfully, standing up in the passage. He seized her in his arms and carried her out into the street, where he threw her down in the roadway and rolled over her to extinguish the flames. In doing this he severely burnt himself, and one of his hands is at present in a sling from the injuries sustained. Mr. J. Clanting, house-surgeon, said the deceased was brought in burnt all over the body. She died on Thursday from her injuries. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death by fire." The foreman, in praising the conduct of the man Ellis, said that there ought to be some allowance made to persons who under such circumstances were injured and temporarily disabled while endeavouring to save life. The Coroner said that he had no fund at his disposal for such purpose. The man Ellis was indeed deserving of great commendation for his energy and courage.—Mr. Richards held an inquiry on Friday at the *Lord Nelson*, *Bromley*, as to the death of *Catharine Bridget*, aged 62. The deceased was a laundress, living at No. 1, *Charles-street*, *Bromley*. While lighting her pipe she set the sleeve of her dress on fire with the lucifer match. She was severely burnt, and died from her injuries on the 18th ult. Verdict "Accidental death by fire."

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, *Horniman's Teas* are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every genuine packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]

SHOCKING MURDER OF TWO CHILDREN AND ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

A SHOCKING occurrence is reported from the neighbourhood of Rochdale. A man named Israel Whiteoak, residing with his wife and two children upon the Calf Hole Farm, Burnedge, near Rochdale, on Tuesday morning, in what is supposed to be a fit of insanity, cut the throats of the two children, a boy aged eight years and a girl aged three, and then attempted suicide by cutting his own throat. The wife of the unhappy man gives the following account of the occurrence:—"Twelve months ago my husband suffered very much from rheumatism, and I remember that he told me then that he had a good mind to commit suicide, but he did not know how I could get on with the children. I did not pay much attention to the remarks then, because I knew that he was suffering from great pain. He has not been troubled since with rheumatism. On Monday morning I was ill and vomited blood, which seemed to make him very uneasy, and he offered to stop at home from his work, but I would not let him. He told me that I must go and see a doctor on Tuesday. At night he returned from his work, and seemed very well, and there was nothing strange in his conduct. He ate a very good supper, and we retired to rest about 11 o'clock. About 4 o'clock in the morning I was awake by hearing my youngest child cry, and I saw my husband kneeling on the children's bed, looking wild, and the youngest child, as it appeared to me, bleeding from the mouth. I then got up, took the child, and saw that it and its brother's throats were cut. I said to him, 'What have you done?' He made no reply. I ran down stairs with my youngest child, which was not quite dead, and my boy followed after me; but I saw his father seize him at the top of the

OPENING OF THE OYSTER TRADE AT BILLINGSGATE MARKET.

PEOPLE of a gastronomic turn will be glad to hear that oysters never came in so fine as they have this year. They will, however, be sorry to hear that oysters never were dearer; but, on the other hand, oyster cultivation has received such an impetus during the last year or two, we have no doubt that within the next six years oysters will once more become an article of every-day food, and be no longer a holiday luxury. We give a view this week of what a few years since was called New Billingsgate Market. Already it is in contemplation to remove the site, we believe lower down the river, but it is just possible that the fish monopoly represented by Billingsgate will soon be annihilated, and that London will possess several important wholesale fish depots. The Italian-like building is interesting, through one singular social fact. Previous to its erection, Billingsgate possessed such a reputation that its name was synonymous with bad language. No respectable person could venture within the precincts of the market, and the scenes of violence committed within its boundaries were as low and repulsive as the ugly wooden structure itself. But with the new market a new style of behaviour was adopted, and now Billingsgate is as well conducted as Covent-garden—another good instance of the destruction of a questionable locality being followed by an improved condition of its society.

RESTAURANT, HOUSE OF COMMONS.

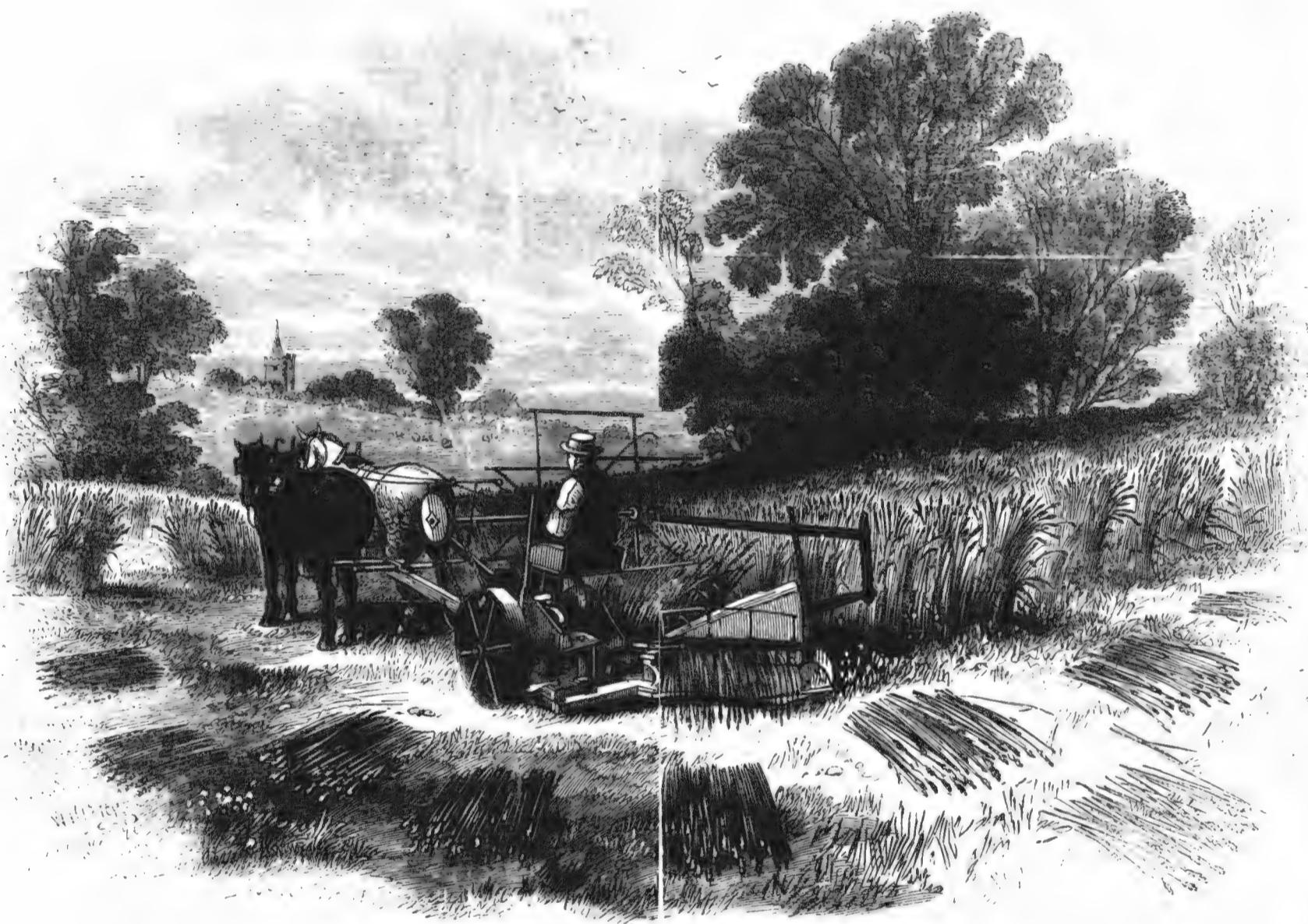
A VIEW of the interior of this chamber may be interesting when it is remembered that in all probability it will soon become a

THE VICTORIA CROSS.

THE Queen has been graciously pleased to signify her intention to confer the decoration of the Victoria Cross on the undermentioned soldiers, whose claims to the same have been submitted for her Majesty's approval for their gallant conduct in Abyssinia, as recorded against their names; viz.:—Drummer Michael Magner and Private James Bergin, 33rd Regiment, for their conspicuous gallantry in the assault of Magdala on the 13th of April last. Lieutenant-General Lord Napier reports that, whilst the head of the column of attack was checked by the obstacles at the gate, a small stream of officers and men of the 33rd Regiment, and an officer of Engineers, breaking away from the main approach to Magdala, and climbing up a cliff, reached the defences, and forced their way over the wall, and through the strong and thorny fence, thus turning the defenders of the gateway. The first two men to enter, and the first in Magdala, were Drummer Magner and Private Bergin, of the 33rd Regiment.

FALL OF AN AVALANCHE.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Chamounix, July 24th, says:—"At ten minutes to five yesterday a dark cloud overshadowed the valley of Chamounix, a peal of thunder was heard, and then a continuous roar that awakened every soul in the village, caused every eye to strain itself in the direction of the Aiguille de Biaitiere. At this moment no sign could be seen of the cause of so much commotion. Presently a puff of smoke, as it so appeared on the crest of the mountain that supports the Glacier des Pelegrins, raised the cry that the glacier had burst, bringing with it



HARVESTING WITH THE REAPING MACHINE.

stairs, and again cut his throat with a razor. I put the child on the couch, and as I was unlocking the door my husband was coming down the stairs. I rushed out and gave alarm to the neighbours." Both the children are dead, but the father is still living, though in a very dangerous state.

HARVEST—THE REAPING MACHINE.

WHEN the Reaping machine was first introduced what an outcry it created! Agriculturists predicted ruin misery, riot, devastation, as the trail of its progress. It has had a score years' fair trial, and agriculture, wretched as its condition still remains amid its lower branches, is in a higher position than it has yet obtained. As with all machinery simplifying labour, the reaping machine has become a blessing. There can be no doubt its use has steadied the price of bread, not by reducing the wages of agricultural labourers, for they could not be reduced consistently with the maintenance of life amongst field labourers, but by the saving of crops, which must have perished for lack of hands to gather them had the machine not been in existence. It is the mission of the reaping machine, in common with all agricultural machinery, to annihilate the field labourer as a machine, and convert him into a living, comprehending, self-thinking man.

ROTTEN ROW—THE LAST WEEK OF THE SEASON.

IT is the last week of the season, and in another all London will be out of town, that is to say, all London except three millions and more who have to keep in town all the year round. Generally when the upper ten are about retreating to their country homes and economy, there is a "spirit put on," as boating men would say, and the Row fills for a day or so, especially on Saturday, but the faces of the fair riders are sadly jaded, and look years older than they appeared when they came fresh to town in the early spring.

thing of the past. It will most likely be pulled down to make way for a larger House of Commons, for the present building is certainly not sufficiently large, and, indeed, upon important discussion nights the House has the appearance of a crowd. Talking of divisions, the dining-room at times presents a singular appearance when an unexpected division is obtained. Thirty members may be calmly dining when the "whips" on both sides of the House rush in with the news that a division has been declared. Up rise the diners, down go the chairs, away the members scamper to their respective lobbies, according to their political opinions, or necessities, and the dining-room deserted, is left to the doleful contemplation of the solemn-faced waiters.

INTERIOR OF THE ESTABLISSEMENT.

AND here is the interior of the établissement at Boulogne. It will be remarked as a very fine room, and it is replete with comfort. The only approach—and a very bad one—we have to this place is the Hall by the Sea at Margate; but the latter is commonplace to a degree, vulgar in the extreme, when compared with the établissement, where the greatest amount of ease and simplicity is found consistent with absolute decorum.

CABMEN.—The London cabmen have not adjusted their grievances with the railway companies. The men were ordered "home" on Thursday evening at seven o'clock, and attended a great outdoor demonstration in Cumberland-market, Regent's-park.

COLLISION ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—At an early hour on Tuesday morning a collision took place on the Great Western Railway, at a spot about a quarter of a mile west of Reading Junction. It seems that a narrow gauge coal train was standing on the up line when a broad-gauge goods train ran into it, doing damage to a considerable amount. The cause of the accident is at present inexplicable.

part of the moraine that had kept it within bounds. The peasants of the valley were rushing to and fro, driving their cattle into safe quarters, and then all eyes were watching one of the most glorious and overwhelming sights the visitor to Chamounix could desire to see. My pen is too weak to describe the commotion this mighty avalanche created, every moment adding fuel to its course, tossing up clouds of spray, bringing with it pine trees, huge boulders, rude bridges, and deserted chalets, until it reached the pretty Cascade du Dard, when the noise was most deafening. The falling mass here, filling the gully, and gaining speed at every exertion, left the course the stream usually takes, and, tearing down pine trees, opened an immense track and overflowed the meadows and gardens of the Hotel Royal, destroying whole fields of barley and potatoes, and, after spending its fury for twenty minutes on meadow and peasant land, this muddy mass formed itself into a large lake, which will remain some time to be regarded by tourists as an event that is very rare in the valley of Chamounix.

THE HOP CROP.—The *Maidstone Journal* states that during the past fortnight general complaints have been made of the state of the hop grounds in that neighbourhood, and particularly in the Weald. The red spider and the dry weather combined have brought grounds which showed a probable crop of 15 cwt. an acre to nearly a total blight, and another week of the present weather will entirely do away with any prospect of a crop.

WIGS.—Sir Robert Collier, the ex-Solicitor-General, does not believe in the dignity conferred by the forensic wig. On the morning after Sir James Wilde had invited the bar to lay their wigs aside on account of the heat, the learned member for Plymouth expressed a hope that there was an end to that "obsolete institution." Yesterday, however, the judge of the Divorce Court intimated that as the weather had become cooler he wished counsel to resume their wigs. This they accordingly did.

PRINCESS AFTERWARDS QUEEN ELIZABETH IN THE TOWER.

THE imperious woman we are in the habit of calling "Good Queen Bess," and whose memory we love rather because she had great ministers about her, and passed through a successful reign, rather than because she herself was great, had in her early days some risks to pass through during her sister's reign—risks due entirely to Mary's Spanish consort and the terrible Bishop Gardiner. Elizabeth and Mary, equally bastardized by the marriage of Henry VIII. to Jane Seymour, being thrown together, the one almost a score of years the elder of the other, it is very charming to read how Mary, then almost a woman, being very poor, and unable to obtain clothes for the little Elizabeth, did cut up her own garments, and having no means to pay for help, did herself make up dresses for the child of Ann Boleyn—that Ann Boleyn whose beauty had driven Mary's own mother from the English throne. Years go on, and the war of faiths separates the sisters. Mary marries, and is devoted to the terrible Philip

L'ESTABLISSEMENT AND BEACH AT BOULOGNE.

PEOPLE who go to continental watering-places always return with the regret that English watering-places are not provided with such attraction as the établissements, with one of which every French sea-side is provided. They quite forget that the manners of the Continent and our own are very different. Two Englishmen sit opposite each other in a railway carriage, and they may travel, especially if they are first-class passengers, a long journey without exchanging a word. Two Frenchmen, under like circumstances, would converse half a bookful before they reached the refreshment station, and then probably would breakfast or lunch at the same table. Here lies the whole secret of the difference between the établissement, say at Boulogne and say Ramsgate. People meet in the French bath-room, chatter, and neither is compromised. In England, if the inferior man is spoken to by the superior, the former will possibly force himself upon the latter most inconveniently. In fact, the want of the *savoir-faire* in England dulls society at the seaside as it dulls it all over England. At Boulogne the établissement

THE WIMBLEDON REVIEW.

THE Wimbledon Volunteer Review of Saturday was a conspicuous failure. Instead of the select army which in previous years has assembled there at a close of the rifle competition, scarcely more than a handful of men appeared on the scene, and officers who had attended to command brigades found themselves reduced to lead their several corps. A result so mortifying to those who had given time and trouble to produce a review worthy of the presence of the Prince of Wales, will, of course, lead to an inquiry which we can only hope will be of the most searching kind. Our Volunteers have shown themselves upon all occasions alive to the value of the opportunities given them for meeting together in large bodies, and are very sensible of the interest the Royal Family take in their proficiency. There must, therefore, be some special causes accounting for the non-appearance of so many of the best London corps at Wimbledon on Saturday. There can be no doubt that the reason the Volunteers held aloof from the Wimbledon Review was profound and general dissatisfaction with the ar-



PRINCESS AFTERWARDS QUEEN ELIZABETH IN THE TOWER.

of Spain. Elizabeth naturally falls under Protestant care. Did or did not Elizabeth conspire to push Mary from the throne? Miss Strickland says "Yes;" but that authoress is not a disinterested authority. Certain it is that Elizabeth was placed in the Tower, and very grotesque reading is the account of her arrival at Traitor's Gate, and her refusal to get up from the steps and enter the Tower, within which her head was never in danger. It was while in the Tower that the pretty incident occurred of which we offer a pictorial illustration. It was the page of one of the great officers of the Tower, who came with his pleasant offering of the flowers which had grown in freedom—little plain, homely flowers, fashionable, probably, then, but which are now to be found only in common cottage gardens. A pleasant act on the part of the little page, and as pleasantly told by the painter, from whose picture our engraving is obtained.

THE 55s. HAND-SEWING MACHINE (American manufacture), will hem, fell, bind, tuck, run, quilt, braid, embroider, and do every kind of family sewing. Every Machine guaranteed. See patterns of work and testimonials, post free.—J. L. WEIR, 2, Carlisle-st., Soho-sq., W. (not Charles-st.). Agents wanted.

is very gay and bright. Music and dancing almost every evening, bright dresses on all sides, and intoxication to be seen nowhere. The beach, too, of a morning is delightfully funny, for the bathing costumes and the family bathing is very social and grotesque, especially when the family poodle, yelping in miserable anticipation, is brought down to participate in the family dip.

OPENING OF THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.—The Thames Embankment was formally opened to the public on Thursday. All whose business or pleasure has taken them across the river during the last few days, must have observed the rapid progress made by the workmen engaged between the Temple and Westminster-bridge. There is no handsomer pavement in the world than that of the embankment. It is broad, level, regular; and the graceful sweep with which it follows the river-line, combined with its extent and workmanship, gives a singular sense of beauty to the eye. Let any reader who wishes to see this portion of the embankment to advantage, stand at the northern end of Waterloo-bridge, and look towards Hungerford and Westminster. He will see how noble is the space reclaimed from the river, and how practically available it is.

arrangements made for them on similar occasions. Men who would cheerfully hasten to the other side of the country to repel a foe do not feel bound to submit time after time to indignity, and be gratuitously exposed to inconvenience under the idea that they and their comrades are taking a holiday. The powerful friends of the Volunteer force must look to it in order that the disposition of the men may not be misrepresented to their disadvantage on the one hand, and that measures may be taken for restoring the importance of the periodical gatherings of the Volunteers on the other.

THE CAMP.—The business of the National Rifle Association at Wimbledon closed last Friday. The competition for the second stage of the Duke of Cambridge's prize of £50 was concluded. Military breech-loaders were used, and each volunteer fired several shots at 800 yards. Several prizes of a minor character were also shot for.

THE PRIZE MEETING.—On Saturday the Wimbledon meeting was brought to an end by the presentation of prizes to the successful volunteers, and by the usual review. In the ceremony of prize-giving Lord Napier of Magdala was the principal actor, and aptly varied the terms of presentation.

LAW AND POLICE.

BIGAMY.—Lancelot James Keene, described as a solicitor's clerk, having no fixed residence, was charged before Mr. Barker with feloniously intermarrying with Emma Hammersley, his wife, Emma being then and still alive.—Two certificates were put in, one showing that on December 12, 1863, at the parish church of St. Mark's, Old-street, Lancelot James Keene was married to Emma Campbell Willmott, and the other, that Lancelot James Keene was married to Emma Hammersley, at St. Mark's Church, Islington, on the 15th of January, 1867.—From the evidence of Mr. William Hammersley, telescope maker, of 29, Young's park, Holloway, it appeared that the prisoner was married to his sister, and resided with her up to last Wednesday week, at Summerfield-grove, Park-lane, Tottenham. From what he was told he on Monday went and saw a woman, who said she was the prisoner's first wife, and showed him the original certificate. The prisoner was given into custody, and he denied that he was guilty.—No witnesses were in attendance to prove that the prisoner was the man mentioned in the first certificate, and the prisoner contended that there was no evidence to enable the magistrates to hold him, and asked for his dismissal.—A remand was asked for, as the solicitor for the prosecution (Mr. Beard) was not in attendance; but Mr. Barker said he could not be trifled with, and discharged the prisoner.

STREET ROBBERY.—John Devine, a powerful-looking young fellow, was placed at the bar before Mr. Burcham, at Southwark, for final examination, charged with assaulting Samuel Beesley, and robbing him of a silver watch, in the Blackfriars-road.—The prosecutor, a gentleman's coachman, said that on Tuesday morning, between 12 and 1, he was with his two sons, walking along the Blackfriars-road, when they saw a female drop down in a fit. Witness went up to assist her, when he was attacked by two men, one of whom stole his watch. He turned round instantly, and saw the prisoner pass the watch to another, who ran off. Witness seized hold of the prisoner, when a number of ruffians surrounded him, and knocked and kicked him about in a fearful manner. He, however, kept hold of the prisoner until a constable came up, when he gave him into custody.—Mr. Burcham asked if the watch had been found.—Prosecutor replied in the negative. He attempted to get hold of the man the prisoner passed it to, but his companions prevented him. The prosecutor's son said that he saw the prisoner with the watch, and he passed it to another. His father was then surrounded, and very much ill-used.—George Henry Hill, police-constable 92 I, said that he was on duty near the Surrey Theatre, in the Blackfriars-road, when he heard cries of "Police!" and "Stop thief!" near Boundary-row. He proceeded there, and met several persons running away, and afterwards he saw the prosecutor struggling with the prisoner, whom he charged with robbing him of his watch. On the way to the station-house, number of his companions surrounded him and got him away. He, however, caught him again, and, with the assistance of other parties, conveyed him to the station-house.—The prisoner said he was innocent of the charge. He was never near the prosecutor.—Mr. Burcham told him the evidence was very much against him, and as these robberies had become so frequent of late, he should commit the prisoner for trial.

STEALING CLOTHING.—Elizabeth Harris, aged 20, was brought before Mr. Benson, charged with stealing clothing to the amount of £35, the property of Constantine Theofomey, Greek, who keeps a seaman's boarding-house, at No. 15, Ratcliff-highway.—There were several boxes the property of seaman in the house, and these, the prosecutor alleged, had been plundered by the girl, and twelve suits of clothes removed. He offered the girl £1 if she would give up all the pawnbrokers' tickets relating to the clothes, but she denied that she had stolen or pawned anything. He alleged that she had shown a piece of gold which she could not have obtained honestly, to a Russian sailor living in the house. She explained that while her master was in the hospital and her mistress was in prison, some money was given to her by her master to keep the house and pay for provisions, and that she showed the same to the Russian boy, who asked her for it. While her master and mistress were away several foreign sailors left the house, and it was probable they carried the missing clothes away.—Mr. Benson said that was very probable, and expressed his belief in the entire innocence of the girl. He could not understand why the prosecutor had given the girl into custody without a tittle of evidence against her. The prisoner was discharged.

THE SOUTHWARK ROBBERIES.—The Chairman of the Surrey Sessions appears to have adopted the most efficacious method of putting an end to the highway robberies in Southwark, by sentencing two juvenile marauders convicted this week to exemplary punishment. These young ruffians, it appears, are known to each other by very significant nicknames. It seems rather strange, yet it is only too true, that a boy of eighteen, named George Whitlock, who had attained, on account of his pre-eminence in daring, the distinction of being called "Captain Plumy" and of leading a gang of young thieves, should so long have contrived to elude the vigilance of the police. How he was caught at last is a curious story. On the 28th of June, in company with several accomplices, he knocked down an elderly man and robbed him of his watch and purse. As a matter of course he escaped. Some hours later, however, an inspector of police was passing along the Old Kent-road, when he saw the prisoner drop from the roof of a house, and heard a detective officer shouting from the roof "stop him." Fortunately, he succeeded in capturing this agile and audacious young thief. The sentence which "Captain Plumy" and his comrade received will effectually stop their career of crime for the next five years. It is to be hoped that other leaders of the gangs of midnight robbers who at present infest Southwark and the Borough will be made amenable to justice and suffer condign punishment.

SAVAGE ASSAULT.—Samuel Ellis, an apprentice to a printer, has been charged at Guildhall before Alderman Finniss with committing savage assault upon Messrs. Tirebuck, his masters.—Mr. Bullock appeared to prosecute, and stated that Messrs. Tirebuck were printers, carrying on business at Windsor-court, Monkwell-street. On Saturday afternoon the men were paid, and the printer was paid all but three pence, which was stopped for loss of time. The printer complained to the foreman at the time, but took the money and went away. He returned in about half an hour, when all the workpeople had gone, and demanded the three pence from his masters. They declined to give it to him and requested him to leave, but he refused, and they had to use as much force as was necessary to remove him out of their office. They got him down-stairs into the workshop, and then he declared that he would not go, and made use of the foulest language. They again put their hands on his shoulders to turn him out, whereupon he struggled and fought most desperately. Passing one of the troughs he took up a large piece of stone, and flung it at Mr. Isaac Tirebuck, wounding him severely on the head. He next got hold of some weapon and struck Mr. Joseph Tirebuck blow on the ear, which made it swell very much, and then, throwing the weapon aside, struck him in the eye with his fist, giving him the terrible black eye he then exhibited. This statement was proved by the Messrs. Tirebuck, and the material parts were admitted by the defendant. He, however, denied that the stone he threw out hit Mr. Tirebuck's head, but asserted that he cut it by stepping to go under a machine, and not stepping low enough.—Alderman Finniss sentenced him to 21 days' imprisonment, with hard labour.

LOTTING FIR PIPE WITH A BANK NOTE.—Jane Watson and Elizabeth Horne, two young women, having no fixed homes, were charged with being in possession of one £5 and ten £10 Bank of England notes, and not giving a satisfactory account of the same.

Police-constable 6 R said that about 10 o'clock on Saturday night his attention was called to the prisoners at a public-house at Deptford, where they had offered a £5 note to change. He took them into custody, and on being searched ten £10 Bank of England notes were found in the possession of Horne.—Mrs. Sophia Hill, wife of an engineer residing at Deptford, said that on Saturday night she left home, having one £5 and eleven £10 notes in a bag in a pocket under her dress. On returning home, about an hour afterwards she discovered the notes were lost. She could not tell how the notes came out of her pocket.—The prisoner said they were together when Horne picked up the notes, and lighted her pipe with one of them, not knowing what it was at the time.—Bickel, warrant officer of the court, said Horne was a well-known disorderly prostitute.—Mr. Maude said some inquiry must be made concerning the prisoners, who were remanded.

BREAKING THE SABBATH.—Three men, or rather youths, were brought before Mr. Newton, and fined, for disturbing the congregation of St. Matthias, in Hare-street, Hackney-road, by selling birds at the very door of the church during divine service. This is by no means an isolated case; the congregations of many other churches in the district are annoyed in a similar way. Take Trinity Church, Shoreditch, as an example. Sunday after Sunday a great number of bird-fanciers collect at the doors of the building, and confine their interruptions to the service not merely to the utterance of discordant cries, but indulge in personal altercations with the policemen, in which any missile that comes to hand is used by way of giving effect to their observations. A week or two since a paint-pot intended for the head of a constable was shivered against the church door. We do not wish to enter on the question of the advisability of entirely suppressing these fairs, or auctions, or whatever they may be called, but we think there can be but one opinion as to the necessity of their being held in a place in which they cause no annoyance or obstruction to the general public. The police very properly see that horses moderate their pace before churches during divine service, they might with equal propriety oblige bird-fanciers to moderate the rancour of their very rancorous tongues under the like circumstances. This ought not to be very difficult to accomplish, especially if the police took upon themselves to prevent the gathering before the church doors, instead of quietly letting the bird-fanciers meet, and then trying to disperse them, as they now seem to do.

THE MURDER IN NORTON-FOLGATE.

EXAMINATION OF THE PRISONER.

At half-past two on Monday afternoon the prisoner, Alexander Arthur Mackay, aged 19, who stands charged with the wilful murder of Mrs. Emma Grossmith, aged 45, in May last, was placed in the dock, at the Worship-street Police-court, before Mr. Newton, having been brought up from Maidstone gaol in custody of Sergeant Dunnaway of the H division, and a warden from the Maidstone gaol. When placed in the dock, in answer to the question of the chief gaoler of the court, "What is your name?" He answered "Alexander Arthur Mackay," in a very clear tone and perfect composure of manner.

George Grossmith, husband of the deceased, deposed to the death of his wife.

Cross-examined by Mr. Lewis: When I first saw my wife she was incapable of speaking. She afterwards rallied and I had a long conversation with her. That conversation related to the circumstances under which she had been wounded. She did not tell me that he had complained that he was always being followed by the children. She did not tell me that he had threatened to chase the children for following him. She did not say that he and she had been quarrelling. She did not say that she had struck him twice with a cloth as she was making paddings. She did not say that she used a padding-cloth against him before he took up the rolling-pin. She did say that she had had a quarrel with him, because he would not wash the padding-cloths, which was part of his duty. She did not say that she first took hold of him, and he then seized the rolling-pin to strike her. I frequently had conversation with her before her death on the subject of her injury; on any of those occasions she did not revert to his refusal to wash the cloths. She did not tell me there had been a severe scuffle between them before she was struck. He had given notice once to quit, but afterwards begged to stop, and as his father came to see me I consented. My wife did tell me the origin of using the rolling-pin. I do not know if she was in the habit of quarrelling with the prisoner. She never struck him. She never struck anyone in her life.

George Grossmith, son of the last witness, a little boy about eleven years of age, was sworn and deposed: I remember Friday, the 8th of May. On that day I did not go to school until nearly ten o'clock. I then left my mother and John in the house. We used to call Arthur Mackay (the prisoner) John. When I was sent to school I did not go directly, but stopped outside the door, as I fancied something was going to happen as he had threatened to strike my mother; that was about half-past eight in the kitchen. There was nobody there but me; my mother was up-stairs at the time, and she did not hear him threaten her.

Cross-examined: My mother and the prisoner had been quarrelling about us. I did not hear him tell mother that whenever he was sent out we were always sent to follow him. I am not quite sure that he did not say that he would strike us, nor that he would strike my mother. My mother did not say that she would tell my father. My mother was not sharp tempered. She was not easily put out. She was sometimes angry with the prisoner because he did not do his work right. I did say something to him about the cloths, for he did not wash them clean. My mother did not throw a cloth at him. She threw a cloth at the dish-rack.

By the Magistrate: I did hear him threaten my mother that morning. I asked him for some water, and he would not give me any, and I went up-stairs to my mother and asked her, and she came down stairs and asked him why he did not give it me. She then went up-stairs again, and I heard him say, "If she did not mind she would get into the wrong box."

Mary Stevens deposed: I live at the Chapel, in Artillery-passage, that is, at the back of No. 11, Artillery-passage, and the room I occupy in the chapel adjoins the yard of the house. At half-past nine on the morning of the 8th of May I heard a crash as if something had been thrown down and broken, and then heard some one say very distinctly three times, "Oh, don't." It was a woman's voice, and I recognised it as that of Mrs. Grossmith's.

Cross-examined: I did not see any one. I cannot see into the yard, but I am sure it was Mrs. Grossmith's voice.

Mary Ann Mason, a servant to Mrs. Sandifer, living at 13, Artillery-passage, stated: About half-past nine on the morning of the 8th of May I was on the back at the back of the house, and heard Mrs. Grossmith groan several times, and heard her say, "Oh, John, you'll kill me." She cried "Murder" once. I heard a voice say, "Hold your row," and I believe it was the voice of the boy who was their servant, and whom I knew by the name of John. I did not see any one.

Mrs. Mary Sandifer, of 13, Artillery-passage, deposed: On the morning of Friday, the 8th of May, from seeing my servant tell me, I went to No. 11, and entering the shop called out "Where is the misses?" I did not see anybody, and walked up the shop to the back, at the door, where I was met by the prisoner "John," as I used to call him. As he opened the door I saw Mrs. Grossmith's feet lying inside. I said, "What is the matter?" and I then saw her lying on the floor, her head being covered with blood. I said to prisoner, "Oh, John, you've done this." He said, "No, ma'am, I have not." I said, "Where is Mr. Grossmith?" and he replied "Round the corner; I'll go and fetch

him." I said, "Don't be a minute," and he ran out. I looked at his face, and saw that he had either a scratch or blood spot just under the left eye. I did not notice his dress. There was then nobody else there.

Jacob Middlebrook, of 3, Little John-street, Whitechapel, stated: On the morning of the 8th of May I saw the prisoner run round the corner of Artillery-passage. He had blood on his face at the time.

Dr. Henry Lethaby and Dr. John Jackson gave professional evidence.

Thomas Summerfield, 25 H reserve, stated: About nine o'clock on the morning of the 8th of May I was on duty in Artillery-passage, and as I passed Mr. Grossmith's shop I saw the prisoner standing at the door. When I said "Good morning" to him he made no answer, but turned back into the shop. Information was afterwards brought to me, and I hurried back. On entering the kitchen at the back I found Mrs. Grossmith stretched upon the floor insensible. When I saw prisoner at the door he had no coat on, but wore the waistcoat produced.

John Lee, 42 H, deposed: On the morning and afternoon of the 8th I watched beside the bed of the deceased. In the course of the afternoon she rallied and said, "He knocked me down." I asked who did, and she replied, "The boy."

Mr. Lewis, in addressing the magistrate for the defence, said that as the press would no doubt report *in extenso* the proceedings in which they were now taking part it would be necessary for him to address a few observations to his worship on the prisoner's behalf. The question was, whether the offence with which his client stood charged amounted to the foul crime of murder, or by law was only manslaughter. According to all accounts the deceased appeared to be a woman of violent temperance, and it was not unlikely that she first commenced the attack upon the prisoner, but his lips unfortunately being sealed, he could not affirm that. That the prisoner, in self-defence, had used unnecessary violence in defending himself it would be vain to deny, but he apprehended the case would rest at the crime of manslaughter. He had no witnesses to call at present.

Mr. Newton (to prisoner): Alexander Arthur Mackay, having heard the evidence, have you anything to say in answer to the charge? You are not bound to say anything unless you please; but whatever you do say will be taken down in writing, and may be used as evidence against you on your trial.

Prisoner: Nothing, sir.

Mr. Newton: Then you are committed for trial at the Central Criminal Court on the charge of wilful murder.

The witnesses were then bound over in the sum of £10 each to prosecute.

He was then removed. Several times during his examination he surprised the court by asking, in a composed loud voice, if he might speak to his solicitor. He paid great attention to the evidence, but betrayed no sign of anxiety or care as he left the dock for the cells. He glanced carelessly at the clock before him, and stepped lightly out of court. He is, apparently, a very young fellow, and although stated to be 19, he looks even younger.

MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF A MEDICAL MAN.

Mr. W. J. Payne has held an inquest at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, relative to the death of Mr. Robert Buncombe, aged fifty-three years.

Mr. Wm. Edwards, 134, Drury-lane, said that he knew the deceased from his being in the habit of coming to the Adelphi Theatre. He was a doctor. For some short time past (about three or four months) he did not come as usual to the theatre. He used to drink, and he was almost invariably under the influence of liquor when he came. He led a very fast life. He came to the theatre for his own pleasure, not being in any way connected with the house.

Mr. Wm. Buncombe, 33, Myddleton-road, West Brompton, son of the deceased, said that he had not seen his father for seven or eight years past, owing to family differences. He lived in the Tottenham-court-road, and led a very fast life. Witness believed that he had been in the hospital four months, because he had during that time that "John Buncombe, a retired surgeon," was there. But witness made no inquiries, for deceased was quite estranged from his family. Witness knew nothing at all about him.

Mr. J. Horsfall, house surgeon, said that deceased was brought in on the 25th of April, suffering from erysipelas. He said that it arose from an injury received in a railway accident two days previously. He stated that he was in a second-class carriage at the Swindon Station of the Great Western Railway, and that a goods train came into collision with it whilst it was being shunted on to another line, and he received a serious injury to his arm. The hospital authorities wrote to the railway company, and they were informed that no such collision had taken place. The deceased died on Friday last from erysipelas.

Mrs. Ann Steele, a lady of the *arts de ballet*, said that deceased was a friend of hers. About two months ago she received a note, and she came to see him in the hospital. He was under the impression that he had struck her, and had so injured his wrist. That was not the case. He said that he had told the hospital people that he was injured in a railway accident, for it was necessary to give them some explanation. Witness had been told by a lady that he had met with his injury through driving to his former lodgings in Percy-street, Tottenham-court-road, and when he arrived there drunk he would not pay the cabman his fare and a row took place. Some struggling ensued, and ultimately he was driven to Bow-street police-station.

The Coroner said that there were three different versions—two of them by the deceased himself—as to the manner in which his fatal injury was received. If the jury thought there would be any use in adjourning the case to try and get further evidence he would adjourn the case; if not, they could return an open verdict.

The Jury, after some deliberation, returned a verdict that deceased died from erysipelas, but how or under what circumstances the erysipelas was caused there was no evidence to show.

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.—The General Education Committee met on Monday in Brunswick Chapel, Liverpool, the Rev. John Bedford, president, in the chair. The Rev. Mr. Edwards, secretary to the committee, read the report for the year, which embraced a variety of statistics relative to the progress of education in the body. The past year, both in regard to the development of Sunday and day-school education, had been one of unprecedented success. A subject of painful interest in connection with the committee's proceedings was the notice of the death of the principal of the institution, the Rev. John Scott, to whose memory a high tribute of praise was offered by the Rev. Mr. Arthur, Mr. S. H. Hussey (of Liverpool), and other ministers and gentlemen, and a resolution was unanimously adopted expressive of esteem and regard for Dr. Scott's eminent qualities and great worth of character. A discussion followed upon the question whether the instruction given in the Sunday schools of the denomination should be exclusively religious or united with secular education. The Chapel Committee met later in the afternoon, and the Home Mission and Contingent Fund Committee, the Sabbath Committee, and the Wesleyan Institution Committee of Review will hold their meetings. The proceedings are private. The first open session of the conference itself will be held on Thursday evening.

NEW AMERICAN LAW.—A special telegram by *Advertiser* from our New York correspondent states that Congress has passed the bill for protecting naturalized American citizens abroad; and that the President is empowered by it to use all means short of acts of war to release such citizens unjustly imprisoned.

THE CAMP IN DANGER.—SETTING FIRE TO THE COMMON.

GEORGE MULLINGER, a wheelwright, was brought up on remand from Monday, charged with wilfully setting fire to the furze growing upon Wimbledon Common, the property of Earl Spencer, the lord of the manor.

Walter Russell, a smith, living in Church-street, Shoreditch, said that on Saturday afternoon last he was lying upon the common, outside the camp, when the prisoner, who was in the company of another man, threw some gravel over him. The prisoner then asked his companion for a match, when he struck a light and put it under the furze. It instantly caught fire. Witness called a constable and pointed out the prisoner to him. He took him into custody, but the other man got away. The witness added that the fence had to be pulled down to prevent it catching fire. He assisted in putting out the fire in the furze, a large portion being burned.

The prisoner: You must be under a wonderful mistake to say I set fire to the place. I had no matches.

Witness: You are the man. The other young chap had the matches, and you said, "Give me one, and I'll have a lark."

Police-constable Cox, of the M Reserve, said he was on duty inside the fence, and saw a quantity of smoke. He ran and jumped on to the fence, when he saw the last witness lying upon the common between four and five yards from the fire. The prisoner was walking away quickly from the direction of the fire. He was about twenty yards from it.

In reply to the magistrate, The constable said the whole common might have been on fire as the furze was very dry. He also said that the common had been fired every day during the volunteer encampment.

The prisoner denied the charge, and said he would call a witness at the trial.

Mr. Ingham bound over the witnesses to prosecute, and said he should commit the prisoner for trial.

A MERITED REWARD OF 300 GUINEAS.

A PARTY of underwriters assembled at the offices of Captain Downard, Bircham-lane, Cumnill, for the purpose of presenting a purse of 300 guineas and a gold chronometer and chain, valued at 60 guineas, to Captain Henry Wyeth, master of the ship *Seringapatam*, to mark their approval at his conduct, under very trying circumstances, while at sea. The ship *Seringapatam* left London on the 9th of August, 1864, bound for Japan, with a cargo valued at £75,000. In the early part of the voyage she encountered a fearful hurricane, during which she sprang a leak and did great damage, requiring the pumps to be kept constantly going for 40 days. On the 7th of October, the crew, observing a vessel in the distance, told the captain they would remain no longer by the ship and were determined to abandon her. Captain Wyeth told them his determination was to remain by her, whereupon the crew attempted to launch the long boat to carry out their purpose. The captain arming himself with a revolver, warned them not to touch the boat, declaring he would fire on the first man who did so. This had the effect of quieting the men, and six days afterwards the ship was safely taken into the Mauritius. Mr. Swan, an underwriter, paid a high tribute to Captain Wyeth for his courageous conduct in not abandoning his ship, as some captains would have done under the circumstances. The delay in not presenting Captain Wyeth with suitable testimonial was in consequence of his having made another voyage.

A NURSE CHARGED WITH POISONING.—On Saturday, at Doncaster, a girl named Mary Kempshaw, a nurse of Mrs. Robert Houlden, of Canteley, was charged with unlawfully and maliciously administering a noxious drug to her mistress's child, on the 16th inst. The accused is about 13 years of age, and her parents live at Wadsworth. The girl entered prosecutor's service on the 14th July, but had not been there above a day before she showed herself anxious to leave. On the morning of the 16th the child, ten months old, was put into her care, and about nine o'clock the mother observed that its lips were white and swollen, and that its clothes were besmeared with some liquid. Mrs. Houlden charged the girl with giving the child some nasty stuff, which the defendant denied. It was stated that the girl had access to a cupboard in which were two bottles, one containing foot rot and the other laudanum. Mr. Houlden charged her with administering foot rot, but she denied it; she stated that it had sucked the cork. Mr. Howarth, chemist, of Doncaster, stated that the bottle produced contained some of his foot rot preparation; it was poison; if not much diluted it would blister the skin, and would also burn linen, &c. The prisoner was remanded, and admitted to bail on her father's recognisance of £20.

THIRTEEN HOUSES BURNED DOWN AT COLUMPTON.—The quiet village of Columpton, which long ago was remarkable for its serious fires, was again the scene of another disastrous conflagration early on Saturday morning. About three o'clock a fire broke out on the premises of Mr. Frost, chemist, which extended its ravages until 13 of the largest houses were destroyed. It is said to have been the most serious fire that has occurred in Columpton since the great fire about 30 years since.

HOW PLANTATIONS ARE BURNED.—Two little boys were playing in a pasture at Randwick on Saturday, when they discovered an ants' nest. They got some dried grass, and one of them named Arthur Fluck lighted a lucifer match which he had in his possession and set fire to it in order to burn the insects. The extreme dryness of the pasture caused the fire to spread rapidly about the field and into the wood. Fortunately Mr. Barling, Mr. Pearce, and others who were near the place, ran immediately to the spot, and after using great exertions extinguished the fire. Had the fire continued half an hour without observation there would have been the greatest difficulty in subduing it, and the damage might have been serious.—*Stroud News.*

FENIAN DEMONSTRATION.—On Monday last, Mrs. Mackay, wife of Captain Mackay, who is now undergoing penal servitude, was delivered of a male child, which only survived its birth a few days. The funeral took place on Friday evening from Mrs. Mackay's house, in the North Main-street, and was attended by an enormous concourse of persons. Besides the regular procession, several thousand men and women, not in procession, attended the funeral. The first few rows of men following the bier wore craps and sashes, tied with green ribbon. For two or three hours before the funeral procession started the Main-street in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Mackay's residence was completely blocked up by the vast crowd which had assembled to attend the funeral. The event passed off in the most orderly manner.—*Cork Examiner.*

CONVICTION FOR CHILD MURDER.—On Saturday at the Lincoln Assizes, Lucy Buxton was indicted for the wilful murder of her male child, aged five months. The child, which had been very kindly treated by the prisoner, was suddenly taken ill and died before medical help could be procured. Dr. Taylor analysed the stomach of the deceased, and deposited that death had resulted from "Vermin Killer." There was no evidence as to how the poison was administered, but some small circumstances were adduced as tending to show that it had been given by the prisoner. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and the prisoner on being sentenced to death in the usual form fainted away.

BREACH OF PROMISE.—On Saturday, at the Lancaster Assizes, a woman 60 years of age, keeper of a grocer's shop at Southport, brought an action for breach of promise of marriage against a farmer of about the same age, named Cropper, who had got married to another person in January last. Several witnesses were called to prove the promise of marriage and the intimate terms on which they lived; but nobody deposed to any promise having been over-heard later than ten years ago. The jury, however, found a verdict for the plaintiff, and gave damages £35.

DAMAGES AGAINST A MEDICAL MAN.—At the Exeter Assizes on Friday Mr. Dodge, a surgeon of Liffon, was sued for damages for negligence in setting the broken arm of a farmer named Spear. The plaintiff had been under defendant's treatment for 13 weeks, at the end of which time it was found that the arm was perfectly and permanently useless. Several medical men and others testified to the treatment having been wrong. The jury found for the plaintiff—Damages £162 10s.

THE PHARMACOPÆIA.

AN extract from the second edition (page 188) of the translation of the Pharmacopœia of the Royal College of Physicians of London, by Dr. G. F. Collier, published by Longman and Co.:—"It is no small defect in this compilation (speaking of the 'Pharmacopœia') that we have no purgative mass but what contains aloes; yet we know that haemorrhoidal persons cannot bear aloes, except it be in the form of

COCKLE'S PILLS, which chiefly consist of aloes, scammony, and colocynth, which I think are formed into a sort of compound extract, the acridity of which is obviated, I suspect, by an alkaline process, and by a fourth ingredient (unknown to me) of an aromatic tonic nature. I think no better and no worse of it for its being a patent medicine. I look at it as an article of commerce and domestic convenience, and do not hesitate to say it is the best made pill in the kingdom—a muscular purge, and a mucous purge, and a hydrogogue purge, combined, and their effects properly controlled by a dirigent and corrigent. That it does not commonly produce haemorrhoids, like most aloetic pills, I attribute to its being thoroughly soluble, so that no dissolved particles adhere to the mucous membrane."

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roughly cleansing the skin—the pores of which, from our habits of clothing, &c., liable to become stopped, thus obstructing the escape of the fluids before alluded to, and inducing a numerous class of diseases; indeed, three-fourths of those with which mankind is afflicted are attributable to this cause alone; the fluids known as sensible and insensible or gaseous perspiration, being as unfit to be thrown back upon the system, to be used a second time, as is the air which has been once ejected from the lungs, which is well known, cannot be breathed again and again without becoming destructive to health, and very speedily even to life itself; and these fluids must be thrown back if nature be resisted in her efforts to dispose of them, which, to a wise life, is unquestionable the case; hence arise indigestion, headache, loss of appetite, hang-ur or debility, stupor, restlessness, faintings, evil forebodings, impatience for business or pleasure, and those diseases not already enumerated, which the savage knows not; all these may be obviated by proper attention to the state of the skin. And here it should be remarked, that when they have washed themselves, or taken a bath, that everything necessary has been done—the fact being, that water will have little or no effect in dissolving the incrustation, so to speak, of the dried or obstructed perspiration. It is therefore recommended that a little of the Medicated Cream be used daily, or at all events before washing or taking a bath.

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